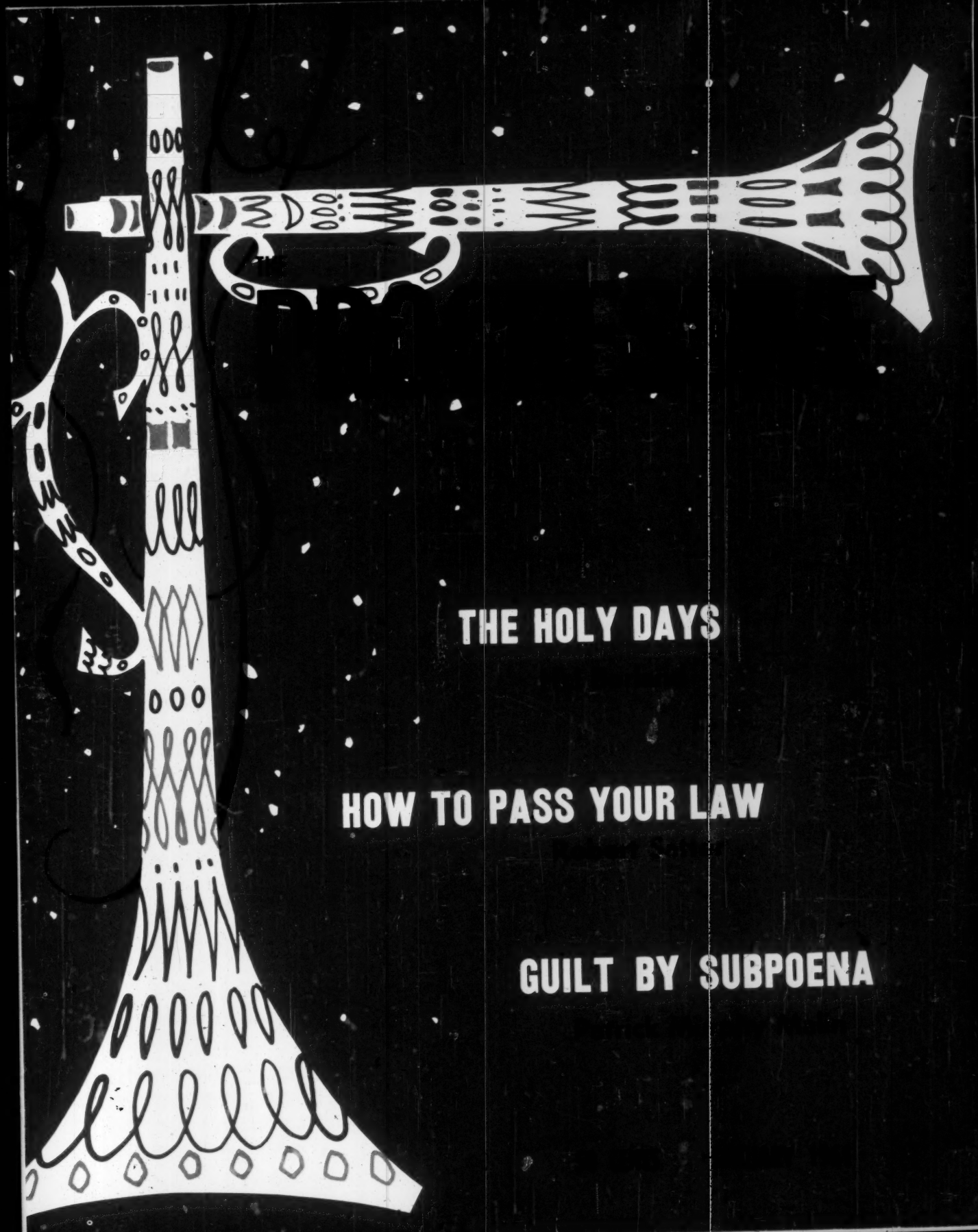
THE HOLY DAYS
HOW TO PASS YOUR LAW
GUILT BY SUBPOENA

Office news

JUST ONE year ago there were eighty-two member-states in the United Nations. And as 1959 drew to a close, there were *Progressive* subscribers in ninety-three overseas lands to whom we mailed the Holiday issue of the magazine.

The United Nations just missed, by one member, reaching the one-hundred-member mark during 1960 when the Soviets blocked the entry of the new African nation of Mauritania. But *The Progressive* climbed past one hundred in nation-readership, and this January 1961 issue is going to subscribers in 107 foreign countries. Many of them are Americans in the armed services, the diplomatic corps, economic and technical missions, private employment, or foreign universities. But many more are citizens of the countries in which they reside, and it is their readership we especially prize.

One of the score or so of Indonesians, for example, who read *The Progressive* wrote a letter recently which is broadly representative of those we receive frequently from foreign sources.

"I first came to read *The Progressive*," Chia Kia Hien wrote, "through an American teacher who was here for two years. I had learned English early, and had practiced it so long reading *Time* and similar American journals I took for granted they were the only kind published. It is cause for rejoicing to find such a fresh, constructive American viewpoint as *The Progressive's*, and a source of hope for us in Asia to know that at least some Americans understand our problems and have a brotherly feeling toward us."

Some of the increase in overseas readers is the result of a brotherly feeling on the part of subscribers here at home who marked the Christmas season by sending *Progressive* subscriptions to friends and acquaintances abroad.

•

The year 1960 was undoubtedly the biggest year we ever had in the Reprint Department, and as we went into December the "Sold Out" sign went up—not a reprint in stock. But already popular demand has put one new one on the press—Senator Stephen Young's "Civil Defense: Billion Dollar Boondoggle," from the December issue. Our own expectation of popular demand has prompted two other reprints in advance of publication: "Guilt by Subpoena," by Patrick Murphy Malin, and "How to Pass Your Law," by Robert Satter, both in this issue.

Each of the three is available at ten cents for a single copy; three copies are twenty-five cents, and one dollar will bring you fifteen. Write for prices on larger quantities to: Reprint Department, *The Progressive*, Madison, Wisconsin.

VOLUME 25 NUMBER 1

The

FOUNDED IN 1909 BY ROBERT M. LaFOLLETTE, Sr.

JANUARY, 1961

EDITOR MORRIS H. RUBIN
ASSOCIATE EDITOR MARY SHERIDAN
ASSOCIATE EDITOR JOHN McGRATH
BUSINESS MANAGER GORDON SINYKIN
OFFICE STAFF ROSE L. REDISKE
HELEN KLEPPE, DOROTHY BEYLER
BETTY HAMRE, ELEANOR WIND

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The Progressive makes no attempt to exact complete conformity from its contributors, but rather welcomes a variety of opinions consistent with its general policies. Signed articles, therefore, do not necessarily represent the opinion of the management of the magazine.

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PROGRESSIVE

"YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH
AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE"

Holiday Greetings

To President Dwight D. Eisenhower, who did the best he could during his eight years in the Presidency—
Holiday Greetings.

To President-elect John F. Kennedy, who enters the Presidency committed to use the great powers of that office to quicken the American purpose through a program of progressive action at home and the pursuit of peace abroad—
Holiday Greetings.

To the four little Negro children of New Orleans, and their courageous parents, who symbolized to the world the renewed struggle to crack school segregation in the Deep South—
Holiday Greetings.

To The Reverend Lloyd Foreman, Methodist minister, and Mrs. James Gabrielle, who braved the hatred and hysteria of a screaming, spitting mob of bigots to take their children to tokenly desegregated schools in New Orleans—
Holiday Greetings.

To The Reverend Jerome Drolet, a Roman Catholic priest, who came with his Bible to The Reverend Foreman's side in the face of the shrieking mob—
Holiday Greetings.

To Federal Judge James Skelly Wright, whose quiet firmness held the legal line against bigotry run wild in Louisiana—
Holiday Greetings.

To Dr. Willard Uphaus, seventy, who has just completed his year of imprisonment in a New Hampshire jail because his conscience would not permit him to betray the "direct teachings of the Bible that it is wrong to bear false witness against my brother"—
Holiday Greetings.

To Justice Hugo L. Black, Justice William O. Douglas, and Chief Justice Earl Warren, whose dissent in the Uphaus case sought eloquently if vainly to halt the further erosion of the Bill of Rights—
Holiday Greetings.

To Adlai E. Stevenson, whose speeches on American foreign policy have held out a compelling alternative to the frozen, negative approach pursued by those in power—
Holiday Greetings.

To Ezell Blair, David Richmond, Franklin McLain, and Joseph McNeil, four freshmen at the Negro Agricultural and Technical College, Greensboro, North Carolina, who introduced an irresistible new dimension—passive resistance—to the struggle for civil rights by staging the first lunch-counter sit-in—
Holiday Greetings.

To Dag Hammarskjold, who fights on, ever more courageously in the face of crushing odds, to make the United Nations a more effective instrument for world peace—
Holiday Greetings.

To Steve Allen, who has dared risk his popularity as a topflight television comedian by enlisting in worthy if unconventional causes—
Holiday Greetings.

To I. F. Stone, whose *Weekly* is one of the most alert and militant watchdogs in Washington—
Holiday Greetings.

To Representative James Roosevelt of California, whose incisive analysis of the activities and procedures of the House Un-American Activities Committee has measurably strengthened the forces opposing the Committee's invasion of freedom of speech and association—
Holiday Greetings.

To Dr. Linus Pauling, who emerged with honor from the attacks upon him by the Senate Internal Security Committee for his continuing efforts for peace—
Holiday Greetings.

To Chet Huntley, the National Broadcasting Company, and their sponsor, Timex, whose television program on the U-2 incident gave the nation a powerful if belated exposure of the dismal ineptitude of the Eisenhower Administration in the handling of that episode—
Holiday Greetings.

To Edward R. Murrow and the Columbia Broadcasting System, whose devastating documentary on the exploitation of migrant farm labor truly exposed a "Harvest of Shame"—
Holiday Greetings.

To the American Broadcasting Company and sponsor, Bell & Howell, whose "Yanki No!" program gave

us some pictorial insights into the explosive causes of conflict in Latin America—
Holiday Greetings.

To the Minnesota and Wisconsin Education Associations, which braved the wrath of American Legion McCarthyites in refusing to drop Max Lerner from their convention programs—
Holiday Greetings.

To Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, who continues to serve ably as the chief spokesman in Congress for disarmament—
Holiday Greetings.

To Senator Estes Kefauver, whose superb service as Senator from Tennessee was rewarded by decisive reelection despite an unparalleled campaign of hate, bigotry, and distortion—
Holiday Greetings.

To Senator Clifford Case, New Jersey Republican, who was overwhelmingly reelected in the face of a bitter struggle by reactionary forces bent on punishing him for his liberal record—
Holiday Greetings.

To Representatives William H. Meyer of Vermont, Byron L. Johnson of Colorado, and Charles O. Porter of Oregon, who fought so militantly for a creative American foreign policy but went down to defeat in their bid for reelection—
Holiday Greetings.

To the Southern Regional Council and its executive director, Harold Fleming, who continue to provide invaluable research and direction in the struggle to breach the barriers of discrimination in the South—
Holiday Greetings.

To Edward P. Morgan, whose nightly newscasts throw revealing light on much that is significant but ignored or suppressed by so many of his contemporaries—
Holiday Greetings.

To Marquis Childs, whose Washington dispatches to the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* in the field of test ban negotiations and the Administration's efforts to transfer nuclear weapons to other countries have consistently been the best to come out of the nation's capital—
Holiday Greetings.

To Representative Robert W. Kastenmeier of Wisconsin, one of the leaders of the Democratic Liberal Project overwhelmingly reelected, who attempted to establish government policy against the first use of germ and gas weapons—
Holiday Greetings.

To James Wadsworth, whose patient, persistent efforts as United States negotiator at the test ban conference in Geneva has materially helped move those negotiations forward—
Holiday Greetings.

To Representative Henry S. Reuss, who was the original Congressional author of the concept of a Youth Peace Corps which in one short year developed into an integral part of President-elect Kennedy's program—
Holiday Greetings.

To Herman Phlager, chief United States negotiator for the Antarctica Treaty which demilitarized an area of the world larger than the United States and Europe combined—
Holiday Greetings.

To Senator George D. Aiken of Vermont, who urged the United States to consider internationalizing the Panama Canal under the United Nations or some other international agency—
Holiday Greetings.

To the universities of Maryland and Illinois, which reversed long-standing rules to permit conscientious objectors to be exempt from ROTC programs—
Holiday Greetings.

To the United States Civil Rights Commission, which issued a hard-hitting report on discriminatory treatment in the fields of voting, education, and housing, and submitted affirmative proposals to ameliorate the problem—
Holiday Greetings.

To countless American students, who, through sit-ins, picketing, and other forms of non-violent protest against racial discrimination, demonstrated that social ferment is once again a significant force on the campuses of our colleges and universities—
Holiday Greetings.

To the Supreme Court of North Carolina, which reversed the conviction of forty-one Negro students for trespassing on a sidewalk in front of a F. W. Woolworth store, as part of a sit-in protest, by asserting that the First Amendment protects such picketing activity—
Holiday Greetings.

To the State of Delaware, which became the seventeenth state to adopt an enforceable FEPC law—
Holiday Greetings.

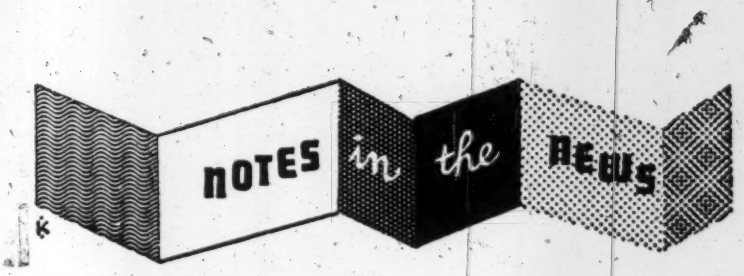
To the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, which upheld the sanctity of the Fifth Amendment in ordering the reinstatement of four Philadelphia school teachers dismissed by the board of public education for refusing, on Fifth Amendment grounds, to answer questions of the House Un-American Activities Committee—
Holiday Greetings.

To all our subscribers everywhere in the world—
Holiday Greetings.

To the several thousand little angels, who have been digging so deeply into their slender resources in the annual struggle to keep *The Progessive* alive—
Holiday Greetings.

To all the members of *The Progressive's* staff, to those who write for us, to the typesetters, proofreaders, make-up men, engravers, and pressmen, who help produce *The Progressive,* and to the mailmen who deliver the magazine to subscribers in all the fifty states and 107 foreign countries—
Holiday Greetings.

And to all men and women everywhere in the world who share a deep hunger for Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men—
Holiday Greetings.



Poverty of a Policy

Just before our elections, an informal poll in Port-au-Prince, the capital of Haiti, showed a whopping five-to-one margin for Senator Kennedy over Vice President Nixon. Much the same trend ran through all Latin America. *(See Louise Brown's report on Brazilian reaction to the outcome in the People's Forum of this issue.)* Nearly everywhere south of the border there was, and is, the wistful hope that victory for Kennedy might mean the resurrection and enlargement of Franklin D. Roosevelt's Good Neighbor Policy, which atrophied under the Truman-Acheson Administration and died under the Eisenhower-Dulles regime.

For more than a decade and a half our stock has been falling steadily in Latin America, as Carleton Beals warned readers of *The Progressive* in a number of notable articles during that period. Our government decorated the dictators and armed the generals while our diplomats broke cake and played around with the powerful few at the top. We had little time and less aid for the submerged nine-tenths of the population living in hopeless misery and indescribable squalor. Today we are paying a staggering price for our neglect and indifference.

The poverty of our policy was graphically revealed recently when President Eisenhower, insensitive to Latin American needs for so long, dispatched a flotilla of warships to Central American waters. Its mission was to help the rightist dictatorships of Guatemala and Nicaragua, struggling with internal rebellions, to ward off "Communist-directed" invasion, presumably from Castro's Cuba. The two dictators had not taken their request for aid to the Organization of American States because some evidence of possible Communist invasion would have been required by the OAS. We asked for no such evidence. There was none.

In a continent surging with revolt against poverty and seething with suspicion of Yankee imperialism, President Eisenhower's action could only recall for Latin Americans the hated era of gunboat diplomacy and identify the United States still more closely with right-wing authoritarianism bent on throttling reform in Nicaragua and Guatemala.

Both nations are rotten-ripe for reform, if not revolution. Three out of every four Guatemalans are landless, illiterate peasants whose average income is less than $250 a year. And yet President Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes squandered a million dollars to put down the recent uprising which Richard Dudman, correspondent for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* who was on the scene, reported "probably could have been suppressed with two truckloads of soldiers." Ydigoras proceeded to "suspend the leading Guatemala daily newspaper for an article that told the truth about the revolt, close a radio station that complained about suppression of the newspapers, and swathe the whole business in a cloak of censorship."

The situation in Nicaragua is even more desperate. The extremes of bitter poverty and fabulous wealth are hard to believe. President Luis A. Somoza, whose dictator father's graft made the Somozas one of the richest families in all the Americas, runs a tight little police state which he largely owns. Our ambassador to Nicaragua, Truman-appointed Thomas E. Whalen, a man of monumental insensitivity who keeps pictures of his heroes, Senator William Jenner and the late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, on his wall, runs interference and errands for the Somoza tribe and keeps President Luis Somoza's popularity high in the State Department. Pondering our continuing embrace of dictatorship in Nicaragua, one of our distinguished friends in Latin America, Ricardo Figueres, anti-Communist former President of Costa Rica and one of the first Latin Americans to break publicly with Castro, mused out loud: "The United States can't stand two years of Castro, but it has put up with the Somozas for twenty-five years."

The uprisings in Guatemala and Nicaragua were by no means isolated islands in the mainstream of Latin American affairs; rather they were part of a pattern of disorder that runs through much of the continent. Violence flared recently in Costa Rica, El Salvador, Haiti, Venezuela, and Argentina, and there were new tensions in Honduras, Colombia, Bolivia, Peru, and Brazil. Many of our politicians and much of our press were quick to blame Castroism and Communism, but this cozy oversimplification clearly constitutes a self-defeating flight from the harsh facts of life in Latin America. Ranging over Latin America for the New York *Times*, Tad Szulc concluded a recent survey by acknowledging that the impact of the Cuban revolution is unquestionably great, but fundamentally Castroism "is no more than a catalyst in situations that breed discontent and foster rebellion."

"Yanki, No!"

Recently, the American Broadcasting Company presented an hour-long television documentary on Latin America entitled "Yanki, No." It was a profoundly disturbing film which, despite occasional distortions, caught the temper of much of Latin America—the despairing mood of those of middle-age and beyond, and side by side, the surging militancy of youth determined to build a better life, by whatever name it goes. Perhaps the most painfully uncomfortable shots for an American audience were those of towering neon signs flashing the names of U.S. luxury products over the roofs of the rickety hovels in which the hopeless poor huddled in filth.

A decade and a half of neglect and indifference in official Washington have brought a staggering deterioration of the position of the United States in all Latin America. And yet, since hope does spring eternal, President Kennedy, as we indicated at the outset, takes office this month as a symbol of hope and change for count-

less Latin Americans, despite all the ill-will that has been building up these fifteen years. If the Kennedy Administration looks homeward to this hemisphere by restoring good neighborliness and by holding out a helping hand to the *people* of Latin America, rather than, as now, to the powerful elite of generals and landowners, it can do much to arrest the decline of our stature and help build the foundations of a healthy, democratic society strong enough to resist dictatorship from either the Left or the Right.

Land of Subsidy

By the time the recent political campaign had ended, it had become apparent there were few candidates, from the Presidential nominees on down, who saw eye to eye on either the nature of the farm problem or its solution. But there were two items of farm lore on which almost everyone, candidate and voter alike, seemed to agree: The farmer is heavily—usually excessively—subsidized by the Federal government; and, he constitutes the only major segment of the American economy to receive such support. But the facts in neither case fit this generally accepted impression. Even a great many of those who approve of farm subsidies have a grossly exaggerated notion of how much farmers receive from the government treasury, and little or no knowledge of the comparatively huge subsidies paid to other areas of our economy. President Eisenhower himself, for example, has referred to overall Department of Agriculture expenditures as if they were all direct payments to farmers, accounting for half or more of net farm income—a figure too large by several times.

First, some facts about farm subsidies.

There are two basic types of Federal subsidies to farmers: the direct payment, typified by the conservation and soil bank programs; and the price support program, under which a government agency makes a loan to the farmer for the parity value of his crop. The latter program provides that if the market price of the crop goes higher than the parity price, the farmer may repay the loan and sell the crop. If the market price stays below parity, the farmer delivers the crop to the government in payment of the loan.

In 1958, when farmers' total cash receipts were thirty-three billion dollars and net income about thirteen billions, direct payments amounted to a little more than one billion dollars. Most of this came under the Eisenhower-Benson soil bank plan, which was recognized soon after its inception as a disastrous failure and abandoned. That same year, the net loss to the government under the price support program was $1.1 billion, not all of which went to farmers.

Price support payments to farmers vary widely. Some crops, such as corn and wheat, receive substantial subsidies, but it seems not to be generally known that fifty-seven per cent of farm production is unaided by price supports, and that much of the remaining forty-three per cent receives only sporadic support, depending on current market conditions.

The second major point to be made is that farming is by no means the only area in the economy that receives subsidies. The House Committee on Agriculture has published a review of government subsidies which makes it clear that "their impact is felt by virtually all elements in the nation's economic structure."

The Committee's review opens with the sobering statement that "The subsidy is the oldest economic principle written into the laws of the United States," and goes on to enumerate a score of subsidy programs, starting with the protective tariff of 1789.

¶ Between 1827 and 1866, the government granted 6,340,339 acres of public lands to private interests to encourage canal building and river improvement.

¶ Approximately 183 million acres of Federal and state lands were granted to railroads between 1850 and 1871.

¶ Many hundreds of millions of dollars have been assigned by the Federal government to ocean and airmail subsidies. The first mail subsidy was paid more than one hundred years ago, in 1845.

¶ Hundreds of millions of dollars have been used to subsidize the building of ships on American ways. For example, approximately $40 million in subsidy was paid recently on the privately owned luxury liner, *United States,* that plies between this country and Europe. The total cost of the ship was given as $76,800,000.

In comparing the cost of the farm subsidy program with subsidies in other areas, the Committee came up with some startling figures. The farm price support program, from its inception in 1933 until 1960, has cost $6.8 billion. In comparison:

¶ Mail subsidies during the most recent twelve year period were $6.5 billion.

¶ Business aids and special services, including tax amortization, in the postwar period amounted to $43 billion.

¶ Airlines subsidies, from 1939 to 1959, were $744 million.

¶ *Life* magazine, only one of several of the highly profitable Henry Luce publications which regularly attack farm subsidies, enjoys a $10 million a year subsidy in reduced mail rates.

The biggest single reason these subsidy programs flourish in relative obscurity is because they consist largely of monies *not* paid into or out of the U.S. Treasury. They take the form of reduced rates, cancelled taxes, or payments hidden in various departmental budgets. In contrast, because the Agriculture Department's budget represents direct Congressional appropriations, and because of accounting practices which do not readily show income from such items as sale of surplus crops, or transfer to State Department programs, agricultural *expenditures* are easily confused with *costs.*

Moreover, because of bookkeeping procedures, a host of items unrelated to farmers' benefits—such as more than $100 million in G.I. housing in Germany—turn up regularly under the Agriculture budget's tent.

Millions for Defense

The House Committee on Agriculture points out that "A significant part of our industrial establishment operates today on government defense and other non-competitive contracts, without normal risks, and with profits assured. Some one hundred of the nation's largest corporations have received $133 billion in government contracts during the past nine years. It is noteworthy, moreover, that the government generally obtains the industrial materials of de-

fense under contracts drawn to assure profits to the producers, whereas the food for the armed forces is procured generally without reference to profits or losses of farmers.

"Moreover," the Committee emphasized, "it should be pointed out also that in the production buildup for World War II and for the Korean conflict our industrial expansion was underwritten by the government. Profits in industry producing with government contracts were guaranteed. When no longer needed, industrial war plants were recognized as surplusage, and charged off to war or defense. After World War II the billions in surplus war materials, including trucks, automobiles, and the many other items usable in peacetime, were kept off the normal competitive markets, to protect industry.

"But in the case of agriculture, farmers responded to war needs with a forty per cent increase in their productive capacity. They paid from their own pockets for this vast expansion of their productive resources. At the end of World War II and again after the Korean conflict their excess capacity was not written off by the government and charged to war. Their surplusages, from a war-generated capacity, still are listed on government books as charges against the farm program, and some opinion seems pleased to regard these charges as subsidies to farmers."

Who Is Subsidizing Whom?

The Committee brought out an aspect of the farm problem that places the farmer in a whole new perspective:

"The question sometimes is raised in public discussions as to who is actually being subsidized. Is the consumer-taxpayer subsidizing the farmer; or is it the farmer, in the absence of adequate bargaining power in the marketplaces, who is subsidizing the rest of us as he accepts returns for his labor and intelligence substantially below that paid to non-farmers? In 1959 farm workers (operators and labor) received an average of seventy-one and one-half cents an hour. The average pay of factory workers that year was $2.22 per hour. Farm operators actually paid their hired hands more per hour than they themselves received."

Whatever may be the solution to the farm problem, the search for it must be based on an understanding of where we are now—an accurate portrait of the farmer today, and his position in our economy. It is a grim portrait.

¶ Farmers' net income, in relation to volume of sales, is at its lowest ebb since 1910.

¶ Average prices paid to farmers at the close of last year were lower than at any time since 1933.

¶ Per capita farm income is less than half non-farm income.

¶ Last year consumers bought sixteen per cent more farm-produced foods, yet farmers received $100 million less income.

The Senate-House Economic Committee, headed by economist Senator Paul Douglas, recently reported that prospects for the 1960's are no less bleak—and that significant reductions in farm aid programs would lead only to total disaster for the farmer.

If existing price supports and production controls were abandoned, the Committee reported, farmers' net income by 1965 would fall thirty-six per cent below 1959 levels.

This somber picture bears little resemblance to the frequently-drawn picture of the pampered farmer, singled out by the Federal government for unique and special spoon feeding.

The Progressive makes no pretense of offering the new Administration a neatly-packaged solution to the perplexing farm problem. We confess that our prejudice against people starving leads us to look hopefully to the adoption of some variation of the "Food for Peace" plans proposed by Senator Hubert Humphrey, Leon Keyserling, and others. We do know that no solution can be achieved until the murky atmosphere of misinformation, misunderstanding, and misleading propaganda concerning the farmer has been cleared away and his true problems examined in a clear and accurate light.

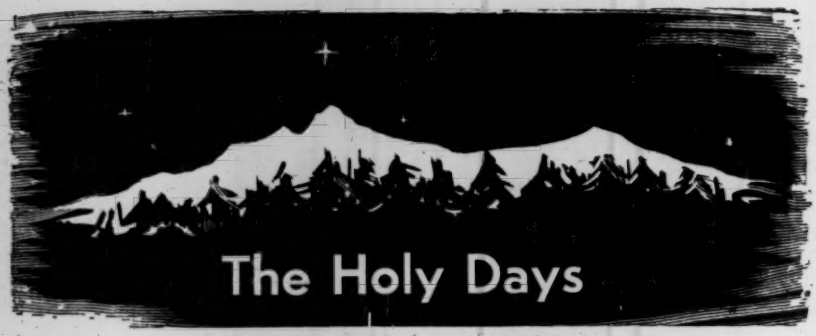
Clemency for Morton Sobell

Success in the pursuit of legal justice is uncertain under the best of circumstances. But in the climate of hysteria that prevailed at the time of the Julius and Ethel Rosenberg espionage trials a decade ago the prospects for a calm and dispassionate dispensing of justice were gravely diminished. Surely one of the more pitiable victims of that tragic era is Morton Sobell, now serving the eleventh year of a thirty-year sentence on a charge of conspiracy to commit espionage.

Almost every aspect of the Sobell case lies under a cloud of doubt. He was tried with the Rosenbergs, although there was no evidence to link him to the atom bomb spy conspiracy involving the Rosenbergs and David Greenglass. At least one Federal judge, the late Jerome Frank, considered this not only extremely prejudicial, but illegal. A number of distinguished Americans, including theologian Reinhold Niebuhr and New York University law professor Edmund Cahn, who have studied the record, have concluded that Sobell was convicted on evidence "vague in content and slender in proof." Some who plead for clemency for Sobell, like Dr. Sidney Hook, assume Sobell to be guilty as charged; others, including Reverend Peter McCormack, who was chaplain at Alcatraz when Sobell was there, are firmly convinced that Sobell is innocent.

But whatever the differences regarding Sobell's innocence or guilt, or the manner in which he was tried, there is almost unanimous agreement that his thirty-year sentence was harsh to the point of constituting "cruel and unusual punishment." We share this view, along with the dean of civil libertarians, Roger Baldwin, whose concern is not only the injustice to the individual man, but the implications for our constitutional freedoms and safeguards of due process.

Now, more than twelve hundred clergymen have appealed to President Eisenhower to grant Sobell a new trial or commute his sentence to the time served. There is a tradition of sorts that the Holiday Season is an appropriate occasion for acts of clemency. We hope President Eisenhower will respond affirmatively to this simple, humane plea, and help remove the cloud of injustice that hangs over not only Morton Sobell, but over all of us.



The Holy Days

by HAL BORLAND

THE FACT that Christmas and New Year's Day fall on a Sunday this year may be of minor importance, but please note that Mars is now only about thirty million miles away from Earth. Also that the moon, in its first quarter on Christmas, will be only one day away from full on New Year's and was also in the ascendant on Thanksgiving. There must be some astrological meaning in this, or at least a zodiacal meaning, though I am not the one to interpret it. I do say, though, that with these calendrical and astronomical coincidences, Sundays included, there should be some measure of added holiness even though the holidays will be officially observed on Monday, since bankers and mailmen need the time off, mailmen especially. Maybe we can spare a few minutes, Sunday *or* Monday, to think about man and God and fate and the enduring mysteries of life and get our minds off the fishy-eyed machines that reduce everything to mathematical equations.

I was out digging parsnips with a pick-axe the other day and looked up at the mountain just beyond the home pasture and thought what a wonderful thing is a mountain, or a pine tree. I even began to wonder if the Indians didn't have an altar up there in the old days. It would be an ideal place to observe the holidays. The Greeks had Mount Olympus, and I have no doubt that the Mahicans who lived here in the valley had a god or two who lived up there on what we unimaginative folk today call Tom's Mountain—or who visited it from time to time to pick up the sacrificial fawns that probably were left there. The Indians knew who made the world and kept it running, and when the sun cut a smaller and smaller arc in the southern sky and the nights grew longer and longer and colder and colder, they knew that only the gods could do anything about it. So they did what they could to please those gods. We rely on the almanac to handle things like that for us.

I looked up the mountain and saw the white pines and hemlocks, doubly green with their light dusting of snow, and I saw the deep, distant blue of the sky beyond. Of course we have a completely rational explanation for that blue, a scientific explanation based on the laws of light refraction, but I forgot all about that and thought that if I ever were an angel, that is the color I would choose for a robe. Then I did remember the theory, and I thought how silly it was, really, even though it might be as true as the temperature shown on a thermometer, which was twenty-two that day. And I began to laugh at those "laws" we cite when we try to explain nature, because they aren't laws at all; they are nothing more than our own record of what happens in nature, monuments to man's own passion for words and figures.

Holiday means holy day, of course. And "holy" is related to "whole" and even to "healthy." You have to go back to heathen times for those meanings, but there they are. Then I thought how readily the "holy" was tacked onto other words, indicating that in the old days there was reverence for a good many things we have downgraded. There was holy mallow, for instance, a plebeian flower that we grow in our country dooryards and call the hollyhock. There was a holy tree, with thorny leaves and red berries; we still call it holy, unknowingly, because we added another "l" and pronounce it holly. There was even a fish called "holi butte," or holy flounder. We call it halibut and, if we like fish, we eat it any day in the week. The point is that there were many holy things, even in everyday life, before man became so modern and blase, simply because man in the old days didn't think he knew all the answers and admitted that even a tree or a fish could be holy because it had a mystic, or at least a mysterious, air or quality. There was a touch of humility in man, who honestly admitted that he didn't create the earth or set the stars in their courses.

HAL BORLAND, who writes the editorials on nature for the New York Times, is the author of "High, Wide and Lonesome," "This Hill, This Valley," "An American Year," and recently, "The Enduring Pattern." Mr. Borland lives in the Connecticut Berkshires.

I looked at those big, firm parsnips, properly sweetened by the frost, and I wondered why a parsnip is better eating after it has been frozen and why a potato isn't worth peeling if it has been nipped. I suppose a digital computer could come up with the answer, some kind of answer, but I don't care to know what it is. I think we should still take some things on faith, and I have faith in a parsnip. A tame parsnip. Certain wild parsnips are poisonous, as Socrates proved, I believe. The Greeks called the plant "hemlock," but it was a wild parsnip, and its essence put an end to Socrates' embarrassing questions. If they had had a machine to answer questions the Un-Athenian Activities Committee probably would have indicted him for perjury instead of plain, everyday heresy.

I took the parsnips into the house and went off up the mountain to mark a few trees as possibilities for Christmas, and to see how the partridges were doing. They were doing all right. I flushed three of them out of the two old, gnarled apple trees up there at the edge of a field that hasn't been farmed in fifty years, not since they quit using oxen around here, because tractors can't get up

there. The partridges had been eating dormant buds. They get their winter vitamins that way, even though a partridge doesn't know a vitamin from a verb. Something tells a partridge that an apple bud, or a birch bud, is good to eat and will satisfy some seasonal hunger; and I don't care how many ologists say it is a matter of instinct, because even they can't tell me what lies back of an instinct. Something does, something I can't see, or compute, or understand. I seriously doubt that it is an anthropomorphic God, but I have no doubt at all that it is something, or someone, that belongs to the tribe of gods who live in the remote places of this earth. Which may make me a heathen; but, believe me, a devout heathen. I wish many times that I was as close to those gods as a partridge is.

I found the trees, and I marked them, and one of them will be brought down here to the house, come Christmas week. (I say "will be" because this is written ahead of time, printers being only human.) That tree will be decorated and lighted and set in front of the window that fronts on the road. Why? Well, because, heathen though I am, I want the world to know that Christmas has a meaning for me. And because I want to tell myself again that Christmas is the season to think about enduring life and the rebirth of faith and the big mysteries and the comforting beliefs that man cannot live without.

This is a pretty lonely world, after all, despite the computations of the census takers and the neo-Malthusians. Man has worked himself so far out on the limb of rationality that there aren't many mysteries left except the really big ones such as where man came from and why, and what he is really doing here. He has banished so many comfortable mysteries that now he does not have much company except his own kind. And most men, if they would only admit it, are just as baffled as I am by all these brand new answers. The answers are glib answers, but not many of us have taken the time to appraise them. We have been too busy reading the figures off the dials and too busy jotting them down.

So here we are, trying our damnedest to make the world over in the image of our matter-of-fact data books, just as though we were omnipotent gods with a sensible master plan in mind. But we have no master plan. We are kids in a great big sand box, seldom looking up at that spread of blue sky or that infinitude of stars to wonder what they mean. Or even to wonder what or who we are, playing here with our sand castles. All right, so we are protoplasm. What is protoplasm? And let's not get lost, this time, in the formulae for nucleic acid.

Let's get back to the winter solstice, and to that star which stood over Bethlehem, and to the heavenly host that was singing, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Let's get back to the holidays, which should restore some semblance of humility to mankind simply because they mark the memory of reverence for matters beyond our ken but not beyond our aspiration.

We shall bring in the tree, and armloads of boughs and other greens, abiding by tradition. I almost said "guided by the same instinct that guides a partridge," but that would be primitive animism, of a sort, I suppose. So call it tradition. We shall abide by tradition, in which the symbolism of the past is written large. In the tree, for instance, green with enduring life. In the star at its tip, which is the star of Bethlehem; or, if you would rather, of the heavens at large. In the lights, which are —well, light: "And God said, 'Let there be light.'" In the fragile angels of shimmering foil and spun glass. In the toy birds, which sang such joyous songs of celebration. In the tinsel, which glitters with the shimmer of faith. In the artificial snow, white as the innocence of childhood.

We shall set out the candles on the window sills, going no farther back than Shakespeare for meaning: "So shines a good deed in a naughty world." And hang the wreaths, which in their very circularity mean continuity. In our house, the pottery figure of Santa Claus holding a lighted candle aloft will be there on the library table. Santa Claus, whom we remember with more than greedy sentiment, since his prototype was a saint, Saint Nicholas of Myra, Fourth-Century bishop in Asia Minor, patron of children, schoolboys, young men, and sailors.

The symbols, and the traditions. The miracle is that all over this land and over much of the world there will be such symbols through the holiday season. My own little corner of New England is but a patch, a pinpoint, in this vast sea of remembering, of old faith and hope and belief made manifest. By Christmas Day, of course, the winter solstice is past, the sun safely set back on its course and moving northward again. That crisis, the nadir of the year in terms of daylight, is behind us. Cold January and miserable February still lie ahead; but, whether we confess it or not, we are celebrating this cosmic triumph as well as the birth of the Babe. When we look up at the tree we know an inner gratitude that the green of life persists, even in the depth of winter—and let those who mount an all-blue tree drown in their own indigo; blue may be the color of infinity, but green is the color of life.

Christmas and Sunday coincide. And the church spires finger heavenward. The bells ring with joy and celebration. The choirs sing hosannas. The mills are silent, and the markets are closed. Mankind is at rest, at least from the week's labors. "Remember the Sabbath, to keep it holy." The moon, which rules the tides if not our own sanity, and perhaps even that, is on the increase. Mars is relatively nearby. Mars is a planet, really, not a rampant god of war; a red-shining planet and our next-door neighbor in the universe, a reminder that Earth is not alone. And, for a season, brief but insistent, we are not quite alone either, even in the midst of the human crowd. We know—I hope we know; I can't believe otherwise—that there is a power, a source, a reason perhaps, omnipotent beyond our reach or understanding.

For a little while perhaps we can admit our own inheritance. We shall even celebrate it. And that is the essential meaning of these days, this Christmas season, which we still somehow manage to keep holy.

Guilt by Subpoena

by PATRICK MURPHY MALIN

THE SUBPOENA served by the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) on biologist William Sherwood in 1957 bore not a single mark to distinguish it from others that had heralded grief for hundreds of people. Yet Sherwood took poison rather than submit to what he believed would be a humiliating public interrogation.

Of course not even the powerful House Committee, whose prescribed task is to investigate "un-American propaganda activities," could directly cause a man to take his own life. But the direct and indirect power of the Committee—wielded through public exposure accompanied by harsh questions that rob witnesses of dignity, followed often by loss of livelihood, social ostracism, sometimes even prison—can create such fear that, in Sherwood's case, it brought him to his desperate act.

The forty-one-year-old research scientist, who, according to his wife, had sown his youth with voluble concerns about Fascism that the Committee labeled "ultra-radical," put the blame directly at the Committee's hearing-room door. His farewell note to his wife and four children said: "My life and my livelihood are now threatened by the House Committee. I would love to spend the next few years in laboratories and I would hate to spend them in jail."

But, cruel as it may sound, this man's death, and the pain suffered by hundreds of others ensnared by the HUAC, are not the fundamental reasons such probes must be abolished. Just as the heart attack of another witness, under interrogation, Joseph Klein, a launderer — whose counsel was evicted for laughing when California's Democratic Congressman Clyde Doyle said he asked questions in order to help legislate intelligently—cannot be entirely the fault of the HUAC. It is not these personal tragedies that have caused scores of national organizations and millions of Americans to be outraged by the Committee and its imitators. While the Committee's ravages arouse disgust with its antics, and sympathy for those pilloried, the continued existence of the Committee poses a threat to American traditions far more ominous than personal tragedy. It undermines the very foundation of our democratic system, the First Amendment's guarantees of freedom.

Raging around the purposes and practices of the House Un-American Activities Committee—progenitor of Senator Joseph McCarthy's and Senator James Eastland's enterprises, plus several state and local facsimiles—is the age-old torrent of controversy between freedom and order.

You can have order—by itself—in a dictatorship, until there is a revolt against its tyranny. You can have freedom—by itself—in anarchy, until society collapses. What the founding fathers of the American republic attempted was to combine order and freedom in a democracy, guaranteeing the people's liberties by the Bill of Rights, the cornerstone of which is the First Amendment.

The Constitutional guarantees of free speech and association do not entitle the conscious or unconscious agents of the Soviet Union to commit acts of espionage, sabotage, violence, or treachery against the American government and people. There is a line of "clear and present danger" on which even a democratic government and a free society must dig in for their own defense — as Lincoln did during the Civil War.

But the House Un-American Activities Committee is not dealing with Lincoln's real wartime military danger. Opponents of the Committee, no less concerned than the Committee itself about cold war conflicts, see quite clearly the Communist menace to democratic institutions. But they see also with equal clarity the actual, present, repeated mutilation of democratic institutions by this Committee and its imitators. And they have a greater faith than the Committee in the innate strength which freedom alone brings to democracy. The Committee's opponents see the danger of burning the entire house down in a reckless attempt to get at its termites.

It is madness to undermine, ourselves, the very principles of freedom of which the Communists would deprive us. A country that punishes belief and association is not merely a country with a lesser degree of democracy, it is on the way to being no democracy at all.

Whenever members of the House Un-American Activities Committee are under attack, they proudly point to the Alger Hiss case as the prime example of successful probing for actual acts of subversion. No one denies that the Committee, along with many other public and private agencies, has, over the years, dramatically called attention to the machinations of the Communist apparatus. But the price paid for these alarms has been staggering. For the sake of revealing Communist activities — already publicized and counteracted by nearly every American institution, organization, and publication — the Committee's interrogators have not only ruthlessly overridden the delicate human right of freedom of speech and association, but have violated principles of justice and fair play painfully and expensively established by the American Revolution.

Since Congress cannot constitutionally come right out and forbid the

PATRICK MURPHY MALIN is executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union.

expression of ideas, however well organized (organization is what the HUAC usually means when it uses the evil-sounding term, "conspiracy"), the Committee does the job by exposure, inviting patriotic public excoriation of persons deemed "un-American." So the wrath of the community is unleashed. A Seattle man, identified as a Communist by a HUAC witness but never subpoenaed, was hounded by a woman who called his employer every day for several weeks until he was fired; his union, the Molders, did not intervene. In Buffalo, even though an auto worker was freed by the courts on the contempt charges originated by the Committee, his fellow employes walked out on their jobs in an effort to get him fired — although his United Auto Workers Union local supported him.

It is profoundly disturbing to realize that the Committee—an arm of Congress—does with impunity what Congress itself is expressly forbidden to do. It is equally disturbing to know that the Committee has spawned dozens of state and municipal counterparts — little HUACs — which carry subversive hunts to the point of dangerous absurdity. In the South, for instance, state investigating bodies such as Virginia's Committee on Offenses Against the Administration of Justice, viewing "un-Americanism" as *they* logically would understand the word, have used investigations to harass the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and other racial-justice organizations. Even membership in the American Civil Liberties Union is cited by state attorneys-general and little HUACs as clear evidence of "subversion."

This points up the nagging problem of words like "un-American." As President Truman's Advisory Committee on Universal Military Training said: "An epithet is not an argument. Un-American means simply that it has not been done in America. If Americans want it, it becomes American." But, too frequently, any reform is labeled un-American. Representative Martin Dies, Texas Democrat, the first HUAC chairman, often —quite rightly from his point of view — interpreted un-Americanism as "New Deal." Yesterday and today, Committee members, in their search for Communist influence, still confound economic with political philosophy, and sometimes badger men and women with "socialistic" interests in medical care, or public housing, or public education.

Such confusion automatically brings Committee scrutiny into the intellectual and moral worlds most concerned with social reform, fermentation of thought, unrestricted inquiry into knowledge, creative mental processes. This is where the Committee has struck hardest and has done its worst damage. Time and time again Committee members and investigators have denounced the Protestant clergy for alleged ties to Communism, helping to create a climate that could result in the adoption of a California law, happily later invalidated by the Supreme Court, requiring churchmen to sign loyalty oaths before their churches could obtain tax exemptions.

In 1953 the House Committee released to the press without comment a statement by Benjamin Gitlow of its staff that "ministers who carried out the instructions of the Communist Party, or collaborated with it, were limited in number. The outstanding ones among them were Judah L. Magnes, John Haynes Holmes, and Stephen S. Wise." Gitlow's statement, in reference to matters that occurred *thirty years before his testimony*, provided no opportunity for personal rebuttal of this outrageous canard by Rabbis Magnes and Wise, who were dead; Dr. Holmes did what he could to set the record straight.

Teachers—aware of the hundreds of their colleagues who have been hauled before the HUAC, or named publicly by the Committee as suspected subversives, and whose contracts were not renewed or who were dismissed from long-time positions—have become timid in stating, even for classroom discussion, ideas that someone later might interpret as subversive. Supreme Court Justice Douglas deplored this development, saying, "There can be no real academic freedom in that environment. Where suspicion fills the air and holds scholars in line for fear of their jobs, there can be no exercise of the free intellect."

Professor Andrew Deinum was fired by the University of Southern California for refusing to implicate people he knew in the past. He told the Committee: "You can be sure that if I had at any time pursued activities inimical to the best interests of my adopted home, I would immediately have gone to the proper authorities. The mentioning of names would save me a great deal of practical trouble, but it would smash me inside and ruin me as a man. It would have taken from me my ability and authority as a teacher. I have tried to be a scholar all my life."

At one point, in 1949, the Committee reached to the very edge of book-burning, when it solicited lists of textbooks and reading lists from dozens of universities. And all it ever accomplished in its 1959 abortive investigation of California school teachers was that, of 111,500, four stopped teaching. "Also included were teachers of retarded children, and this seems a little far-fetched since it is so difficult to teach retarded children anything, let alone Communism," commented Eleanor Roosevelt. A good deal of the intellectual stagnation of the postwar period, from which students are only now beginning to recover, may be traced to the Committee and emulating school boards who have hacked away at the American tradition of academic freedom.

Writers and others in various communication fields have been brought before the Committee in profusion. Under the "or else" spur of Committee exposure, not only have periodicals, movies, and television systematically excluded Committee-labeled suspects by means of a blacklist, but, even more pernicious, the pressure has caused a self-imposed pre-censorship by the mass media. Symptomatic of the entire authors-versus-subversive-hunters conflict was Representative James Roosevelt's question to his colleagues in the House in February, 1959: "What good did it do to the free world to subject this talented man [playwright Arthur Miller] to criminal prosecution because he refused to name [associates of] ten years ago?" The "good" done by the Committee's exposure to creative thought had been stated already by film pro-

ducer Robert Rossen, in his unintentionally and painfully revealing "confession" before the Committee: "I did a lot of thinking. I don't think, after two years of thinking, that any one individual can even indulge himself in the luxury of individual morality."

What the Committee has done to government servants is indescribable, mainly because a large part of the damage cannot yet be assessed. Scientific leaders such as Dr. Stanley Livingston, president of the American Federation of Scientists, have noted the loss in top research personnel, of scientists who did not enter government service because of the fear they might be publicly embarrassed, or their careers ruined, because they had once spoken and cooperated with what the Committee now defines as the wrong men and the wrong groups. As for people already in government service, they too dare not provoke controversy lest the HUAC subpoena await them, and creative administration is stifled by fear.

But a paper-thin majority of the Supreme Court of the United States does not view the transgressions of the Committee in the same light. Chief Justice Warren's encouraging dictum condemning "exposure for exposure's sake" in the 1956 *Watkins* decision was followed in 1959 by a five to four ruling that the HUAC mandate was constitutional. In approving the contempt conviction of Lloyd Barenblatt, the Court assessed the danger of the Communist menace and concluded that it was so threatening that it outweighed Barenblatt's rights under the First Amendment. The Vassar psychology teacher, who had lost his original job and four others in quick succession, was released in April, 1960, after serving five months in Federal prison for his mistaken understanding of the First Amendment.

In the hope of eventual reversal of the close decision of the Supreme Court, the American Civil Liberties Union still argues that the mandate of the Committee is unconstitutional. Remembering that the Court in 1954 reversed its 1898 segregation decision, and in 1956 modified its 1951 decision upholding the Smith Act, the ACLU believes the true security of the nation lies in these words of Justice Hugo Black's dissenting opinion: "The real interest in Barenblatt's silence is the interest of the people as a whole in being able to join organizations, to advocate causes and make political 'mistakes' without later being subjected to governmental penalties for having dared to think for themselves."

The dispute among the Justices reaches to the essence of the controversy about the HUAC. Buried deep in twenty-three years of accumulated befuddlement lies the root of a confusion that has cast its shadow all over America: Congress' mandate to the Committee. In 1938, Congressman Dies launched an investigation of what he considered to be unsavory and dangerous "activities"; in 1945, Mississippi's Democratic Congressman John Rankin was responsible for elevating the Dies inquiry to standing-committee status.

The present mandate of the House Un-American Activities Committee reads, in part: "The Committee on Un-American Activities, as a whole or by subcommittee, is authorized to make from time to time investigations of (i) the extent, character, and objects of *un-American propaganda activities* in the United States, (ii) the diffusion within the United States of subversive and un-American *propaganda* that is instigated from foreign countries or *of a domestic origin* and attacks the principle of our form of government as guaranteed by our Constitution . . ." (Italics added.)

It is no wonder that zealous Congressmen who seek to carry out that mandate involve the HUAC in matters which other people—with different understanding of these vague words—believe the First Amendment expressly has forbidden Congress to tamper with.

Webster's dictionary defines propaganda as: "Dissemination of ideas, information, gossip, or the like, for the purpose of helping or injuring . . ." Propaganda is an attempt to persuade; an argument. Although the dictionary could easily be describing the expression of unvarnished truth, there is no doubt that the word conveys the pejorative meaning of a distortion of facts for ulterior ends.

The jails would overflow with politicians, salesmen, reporters, and husbands if every man who altered the interpretation of facts to his own advantage could be brought to account by law. But many such transgressors can be. Slander, libel, misleading advertisements—a host of distortions are prohibited today. But political propaganda? The warp and woof of ideological disputation?

The ACLU believes that propaganda, in and of itself—even Communist propaganda—falls within the protection of the First Amendment and its guarantee of freedom of speech and press. If Congress consequently may not abridge these freedoms, Congressional committees—which exist to examine the need for legislation and how existing legislation is administered—certainly are out of bounds in examining matters about which Congress may not legislate. When Communist propaganda is linked to imminent illegal acts, then investigation is proper—though the main defense against genuine acts of espionage or sabotage lies in professionally trained counter-intelligence agents, in the FBI, and in the military services.

From this fallacious, misleading, and provocative mandate springs a corollary disregard for fair legal procedures. In December, 1956, after reviewing a tape recording of a HUAC hearing which sought to expose Communist backing of the drive against the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act, the Board of Governors of the California State Bar found the proceedings ". . . of such a character as to pose a threat to the right to appear by counsel and to the proper independence of the bar." Attorneys representing witnesses before the Committee were ejected for insisting on making objections for the record. Some were addressed by the Committee as "comrade."

The list of irresponsible accusations (many of which would be legally slanderous, except for Congressional immunity) is endless—and could be easily avoided. Take the case of the doctor, publicly accused of being a member of a Denver Communist cell at a certain time in the past, who proved he was then studying medicine in the East; or the two students from New York and New Jersey identified as Communists by Pennsylvania's Democratic Representative Francis

E. Walter, who forced Walter to retract his accusation, although, of course, the retraction came after all the harm had been done. Such accusations caused a political atmosphere in America that Walter Lippmann keenly described: "There is a kind of smog in what should be the clean and open air of this free land, a smog that makes men nervous, makes them afraid to speak their minds, makes them not sure to dare to keep their minds open."

So brazen has the Committee been in its exposure drive that it has attempted to blunt the effectiveness of individuals and organizations who seek an end to restrictive legislation. The Committee attempted to establish that the struggle against the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act was prompted in large measure by Communists. The American Civil Liberties Union of Northern California commented in 1956: "We don't need public hearings to discover that a handful of Communists have seized upon our harsh and discriminatory immigration laws as a means of making political hay." Unfortunately, the ACLU said, investigation of these Communists opposing the immigration laws tars all the other people who oppose these laws with a "red" brush—including even President Eisenhower, who wished to ameliorate some of the harsher provisions.

Herblock in The Washington Post

"All We Want Is the Truth as We See It"

The public often has been confused and led to believe, falsely, that many worthy, important, and even vital liberal and progressive movements, organizations, and individuals are genuinely suspect. The result has been incalculable harm to the orderly liberal development of the democratic process, so necessary to the maintenance of the free traditions of our democracy.

Lately the HUAC — subpoenaing commercial television news films — aided in the creation of a film about the students who demonstrated against the Committee in San Francisco last May. Distorted to make it appear that the students rioted only at the instigation of known and recognizable Communist agitators (when in fact the county sheriff remarked about the peaceableness of the crowd), the film all-too-effectively tries to show that the movement to abolish the HUAC is directed by Communists—notwithstanding the lengthy list of clearly non-Communist persons and groups who have called for an end to the Committee.

Ordinarily, the excesses of individuals connected with an enterprise might not be a fit subject of reproach to the enterprise itself. In the case of the House Un-American Activities Committee, however—beginning from a misleading and dangerous mandate through its transgressions of fundamental legal principle and simple morality—the excesses in great degree are symptoms of an organic disease. They result from the very spirit of the Committee. Accusations hurled at the Protestant clergy en masse are not simply the mistakes of over-zealous aides, later fired, but the product of a systematic affliction. One Committee member, California's Republican Representative Donald Jackson, last year accused the National Council of Churches, in dead seriousness, of promoting obscene books written by Communist sympathizers.

Before he left the Committee to become a judge, counsel Robert Arens helped stage what is known as the "Peregrinations of Mr. Fishman." In each of ten hearings about the country, Fishman, a deputy collector of customs, accompanied by a locked mailbag, was asked by the Committee counsel to open the bag "for the first time" and withdraw the first material to come to hand. Each time Mr. Fishman unlocked the bag, withdrew a package, and, like a Twentieth-Century Archimedes, greeted his discovery with an exclamatory: "Foreign propaganda!" Thus, in dramatic and expenses-paid fashion did the Committee demonstrate that the mail was chock-full of "foreign propaganda." (When, much earlier, the suspicious eye of the Committee's annual report was cast upon the flood of foreign mail between Buffalo and Communist Poland, the statisticians at the Census Bureau hastened to inform the Committee that 300,000 people of Polish descent lived in Buffalo.) Arens, by the way, recently questioned President Eisenhower's patriotism because he introduced his grandchildren to Khrushchev.

Although the Committee can be depended upon to make mistakes and spur the rising cry to abolish it, a movement given vocal leadership by Representative Roosevelt in his stirring recounting to Congress on April 25, 1960, of the Committee's wrongs, Americans cannot depend on the courts and political leaders alone to carry on the struggle. The people themselves must understand the danger and call on their legislators to act. We must heed Justice Learned Hand's admonition that we not "rest our hopes too much upon constitutions, upon laws and upon courts . . . Liberty lies in the hearts of men and women; when it dies there, no constitution, no law, no court can save it; no constitution, no law, no court can even do much to help it."

Throughout the world, the image of America as an exuberant crusader for liberty is vanishing. It is being replaced by an image of tired men fearful of domestic shadows. Much of the tarnishing of our prestige abroad results from the depredations of the House Un-American Activities Committee and its emulators throughout the nation. I am convinced that a new President, a new Administration, and a new Congress could do no better in seeking to restore the image of a freedom-loving America than to launch the 1960's by abolishing this fearsome Committee. Such action would be a signal the world over that McCarthyism, at long last, is dead and buried.

A View of the Presidency

by JOHN F. KENNEDY

Rarely in American history have the people had an opportunity to evaluate the estimate of the Presidency held by the President-elect before he was even nominated for that office. Senator Kennedy expressed these views of the Presidency in an address to the National Press Club nearly a year ago. They seem to us to have special timeliness on the eve of his inauguration.—THE EDITORS.

THE MODERN Presidential campaign covers every issue in and out of the platform from cranberries to Creation. But the public is rarely alerted to a candidate's views about the central issue on which all the rest turn. That central issue—and the point of [these] comments—is not the farm problem or defense or India. It is the Presidency itself.

Of course a candidate's views on specific policies are important, but Theodore Roosevelt and William Howard Taft shared policy views with entirely different results in the White House. Of course it is important to elect a good man with good intentions, but Woodrow Wilson and Warren G. Harding were both good men of good intentions. So were Lincoln and Buchanan, but there is a Lincoln Room in the White House, and no Buchanan Room.

The history of this nation—its brightest and its bleakest pages—has been written largely in terms of the different views our Presidents have had of the Presidency itself. This history ought to tell us that the American people in 1960 have an imperative right to know what any man bidding for the Presidency thinks about the place he is bidding for—whether he is aware of and willing to use the powerful resources of that office, whether his model will be Taft or Roosevelt, Wilson or Harding.

During the past eight years, we have seen one concept of the Presidency at work. Our needs and hopes have been eloquently stated, but the initiative and follow-through have too often been left to others. And too often his own objectives have been lost by the President's failure to override objections from within his own party, in Congress or even in his Cabinet.

The American people in 1952 and 1956 may well have preferred this detached, limited concept of the Presidency after twenty years of fast-moving, creative Presidential rule. Perhaps historians will regard this as necessarily one of those frequent periods of consolidation, a time to draw breath, to recoup our national energy. To quote the State of the Union message:

"No Congress . . . on surveying the State of the Nation, has met with a more pleasing prospect than that which appears at the present time." Unfortunately, this is not Mr. Eisenhower's last message to the Congress, but Calvin Coolidge's. He followed to the White House Mr. Harding, whose "sponsor" declared very frankly that the times did not demand a first-rate President. If true, the times and the man met.

But the question is, what do the times—and the people—demand for the next four years in the White House? They demand a vigorous proponent of the national interest, not a passive broker for conflicting private interests. They demand a man capable of acting as the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Alliance, not merely a bookkeeper who feels that his work is done when the numbers on the balance sheet come out even. They demand that he be the head of a responsible party, not rise so far above politics as to be invisible; a man who will formulate and fight for legislative policies, not be a casual bystander to the legislative process.

Today a restricted concept of the Presidency is not enough. For beneath today's surface gloss of peace and prosperity are increasingly dangerous, unsolved, long-postponed problems—problems that will inevitably explode to the surface during the four years of the next administration: the growing missile gap, the rise of Communist China, the despair of the underdeveloped nations, the explosive situations in Berlin and in the Formosa Straits, the deterioration of NATO, the lack of an arms control agreement, and all the domestic problems of our farms, cities, and schools.

This Administration has not faced up to these and other problems. Much has been said, but I am reminded of the old Chinese proverb: "There is a great deal of noise on the stairs but nobody comes into the room."

The President's State of the Union message reminded me of the exhortation from King Lear that goes: "I will do such things . . . what they are I know not . . . but they shall be the wonders of the earth."

In the decade that lies ahead—in the challenging, revolutionary Sixties—the American Presidency will demand more than ringing manifestoes issued from the rear of battle. It will demand that the President place himself in the very thick of the fight, that he care passionately about the fate of the people he leads, that he be willing to serve them at the risk of incurring their momentary displeasure.

Whatever the political affiliation of our next President, whatever his

views may be on all the issues and problems that rush in upon us, he must above all be the Chief Executive in every sense of the word.

He must be prepared to exercise the fullest powers of his office—all that are specified and some that are not. He must master complex problems as well as receive one-page memoranda. He must originate action as well as study groups. He must reopen the channels of communication between the world of thought and the seat of power.

Ulysses Grant considered the President "a purely administrative officer." If he administered the government departments efficiently, delegated his functions smoothly, and performed his ceremonies of state with decorum and grace, no more was to be expected of him. But that is not the place the Presidency was meant to have in American life. The President is alone, at the top—the loneliest job there is, as Harry Truman has said.

If there is destructive dissension among the services, he alone can step in and straighten it out, instead of waiting for unanimity. If administrative agencies are not carrying out their mandate, if a brush fire threatens some part of the globe, he alone can act, without waiting for Congress. If his farm program fails, he alone deserves the blame, not his Secretary of Agriculture.

"The President is at liberty, both in law and conscience, to be as big a man as he can." So wrote Professor Woodrow Wilson. But President Woodrow Wilson discovered that to be a big man in the White House inevitably brings cries of dictatorship. So did Lincoln and Jackson and the two Roosevelts. And so may the next occupant of that office, if he is the man the times demand. But how much better it would be, in the turbulent Sixties, to have a Roosevelt or a Wilson than to have another James Buchanan, cringing in the White House, afraid to move.

Nor can we afford a Chief Executive who is praised primarily for what he did not do, the disasters he prevented, the bills he vetoed—a President *wishing* his subordinates would produce more missiles or build more schools. We will need instead what the Constitution envisioned: a Chief Executive who is the vital center of action in our whole scheme of government.

This includes the legislative process as well. The President cannot afford—for the sake of the office as well as the nation—to be another Warren G. Harding, described by one backer as a man who "would, when elected, sign whatever bill the Senate sent him—and not send bills for the Senate to pass." Rather, he must know when to lead Congress, when to consult it, and when he should act alone.

Having served fourteen years in the legislative branch, I would not look with favor upon its domination by the Executive. Under our government of "power as the rival of power," to use Hamilton's phrase, Congress must not surrender its responsibilities. But neither should it dominate. However large its share in the formulation of domestic programs, it is the President alone who must make the major decisions of our foreign policy. That is what the Constitution wisely commands.

And even domestically, the President must initiate policies and devise laws to meet the needs of the nation. And he must be prepared to use all the resources of his office to ensure the enactment of that legislation, even when conflict is the result.

By the end of his term, Theodore Roosevelt was not popular in Congress, particularly when he criticized an amendment to the Treasury appropriation which forbade the use of Secret Service men to investigate Congressmen! And the feeling was mutual, Roosevelt saying: "I do not much admire the Senate, because it is such a helpless body when efficient work is to be done."

Woodrow Wilson was even more bitter after his frustrating quarrels. Asked if he might run for the Senate in 1920, he replied: "Outside of the United States, the Senate does not amount to a damn. And inside the United States, the Senate is mostly despised. They haven't had a thought down there in fifty years."

But, however bitter their farewells, the facts of the matter are that Roosevelt and Wilson did get things done, not only through their executive powers but through Congress as well.

Calvin Coolidge, on the other hand, departed Washington with the cheers of Congress still ringing in his ears. But when his World Court bill was under fire on Capitol Hill, he sent no messages, gave no encouragement to the bill's leaders, and paid little or no attention to the whole proceeding—and the cause of world justice was set back. To be sure, Coolidge had held the usual White House breakfasts with Congressional leaders. But they were aimed, as he himself said, at "good fellowship," not a discussion of "public business."

And at his press conferences, according to press historians, where he preferred to talk about the local flower show and its exhibits, reporters who finally extracted from him a single sentence — "I'm against that bill" — would rush to file tongue-in-cheek dispatches, proclaiming that: "President Coolidge, in a fighting mood, today served notice on Congress that he intended to combat, with all the resources at his command, the pending bill. . ."

But in the coming years, we will need a real fighting mood in the White House—a man who will not retreat in the face of pressure from his Congressional leaders, who will not let down those supporting his views on the floor.

Divided government over the past six years has only been further confused by this lack of legislative leadership. To restore it next year will help restore purpose to both the Presidency and the Congress.

The facts of the matter are that legislative leadership is not possible without party leadership, in the most political sense, and Mr. Eisenhower prefers to stay above politics (although a weekly news magazine last fall reported the startling news, and I quote, that "President Eisenhower is emerging as a major political figure"). When asked, early in his first term, how he liked the "game of politics," he replied with a frown that his questioner was using a derogatory phrase. "Being President," he said, "is a very great experience. . . . But the word 'politics' . . . I have no great liking for that."

But no President, it seems to me, can escape politics. He has not only been chosen by the nation—he has

been chosen by his party. And if he insists that he is "President of all the people" and should therefore offend none of them—if he blurs the issues and differences between the parties, if he neglects the party machinery and avoids his party's leadership—then he has not only weakened the political party as an instrument of the democratic process, he has dealt a blow to the democratic process itself.

I prefer the example of Abe Lincoln, who loved politics with the passion of a born practitioner. For example, he waited up all night in 1863 to get the crucial returns on the Ohio governorship. When the Unionist candidate was elected, Lincoln wired: "Glory to God in the highest! Ohio has saved the nation!"

But the White House is not only the center of political leadership, it must be the center of moral leadership—a "bully pulpit," as Theodore Roosevelt described it. For only the President represents the national interest. And upon him alone converge all the needs and aspirations of all parts of the country, all departments of the government, all nations of the world.

It is not enough to represent prevailing sentiment: to follow McKinley's practice, as described by Joe Cannon, of "keeping his ear so close to the ground he got it full of grasshoppers."

We will need in the Sixties a President who is willing and able to summon his national constituency to its finest hour, to alert the people to our dangers and our opportunities, to demand of them the sacrifices that will be necessary.

Despite the increasing evidence of a lost national purpose and a soft national will, F.D.R.'s words in his first inaugural still ring true: "In every dark hour of our national life, a leadership of frankness and vigor has met with that understanding and support of the people themselves which is essential to victory."

Roosevelt fulfilled the role of moral leadership. So did Wilson and Lincoln, Truman and Jackson and Teddy Roosevelt. They led the people as well as the government — they fought for great ideals as well as bills. And the time has come to demand that kind of leadership again.

The President must act in the image of Abraham Lincoln summoning his wartime Cabinet to a meeting on the Emancipation Proclamation. That Cabinet had been carefully chosen to please and reflect many elements in the country. But: "I have gathered you together," Lincoln said, "to hear what I have written down. I do not wish your advice about the main matter—that I have determined for myself."

And later, when he went to sign it after several hours of exhausting handshaking that had left his arm weak, he said to those present: "If my name goes down in history, it will be for this act. My whole soul is in it. If my hand trembles when I sign this Proclamation, all who examine the document hereafter will say: 'He hesitated.'"

But Abraham Lincoln's hand did not tremble. He did not hesitate. He did not equivocate. For he was the President of the United States.

It is in this spirit that we must go forth in the coming months and years.

The Taming of American Politics

by KARL E. MEYER

THE MOST revealing wisecrack of the 1960 Presidential election is credited to Milton Berle. "In the old days," the veteran comedian remarked, "after an election a losing candidate would announce humbly: 'The people have spoken.' Now, he'll simply shrug his shoulders and say: 'Well, that's show business.'"

It was assuredly show business in 1960, so much so that there was about as much political reportage in *Variety* as in the more staid family journals (typical *Variety* headlines: "YOU'D THINK THE NATION'S ELECTORATE WERE VOTING FOR EITHER NBC OR CBS," and, concerning the Nixon-Kennedy split-screen debate, "ABC BRINGS OFF SOME N.Y.-L.A. RAZZMATAZZ IN FINE STYLE").

But the theatrical razzmatazz tended to distract attention from some important offstage changes that lay behind the close victory of President-elect John F. Kennedy. Not only was this the first election in which it can be said that television made a decisive difference, but the campaign also marked the culmination of a score of long-term changes in our politics. The players were different—and so was the script. A new generation, using novel political techniques, has assumed leadership of a country vastly different from the land our forefathers knew.

In the coming years, it is my fear that we shall find the national stage occupied by two powerful and truly national parties, growing more alike all the time, in which the premium will not be on issues but on dramatic expertise. Viewed in retrospect, the 1960 election may mark the taming of American politics. It is one of the ironies of the campaign that the change was heralded by a candidate from California, once one of our most rambunctious states, and by a candidate from Boston whose ancestors were at home in the milieu of *The Last Hurrah*.

The changes implicit in the 1960 election can best be seen by looking backwards. Let us compare it, for example, to the campaign a century before which sent Abraham Lincoln to the White House. In 1860, the Union was on the verge of dissolution; par-

KARL E. MEYER, editorial writer for the Washington Post, is currently writing a book on the contemporary political scene.

ties were divided on fundamental principle; and the victory went to a frontier-born lawyer who was practically a stranger to Washington.

Then, the world outside was only a distant witness to our campaign—not a participant. In 1960, as if to underline the change, a score of foreign heads-of-government were in New York in the midst of our election. Isolationism, like the Confederacy, had become a lost cause. It was a measure of the change that one candidate for Vice President was the grandson of a Senator most famous as the nemesis of the League of Nations, and the Democratic nominee for President was the son of an equally well-known Massachusetts isolationist. Yet, so far as foreign policy was concerned, Henry Cabot Lodge and John F. Kennedy had more in common with each other than either had with his illustrious forebears.

In 1860, separatist passions put the very existence of an American nation in doubt. But the passage of a hundred years carried the country to the opposite shore, in which thinking men were more concerned with the excess of *unum,* rather than *pluribus.* The decline of regionalism, of ethnic pluralism, and of dissident minorities—these tendencies raised new fears of a nation too closely bound by the invisible chords of radio and TV.

A pervasive national spirit could be detected in every aspect of the 1960 campaign. The consensus between the two national party platforms and the four national candidates was remarkable. Even the race relations disputes, so profoundly divisive in 1860, seemed within view of resolution a century later. Both parties adopted "strong" civil rights planks; Dixie did not secede from the Democrats; and the nearly unanimous Southern choice for the Presidential nomination was a moderate Texan who presided over the enactment of the first civil rights laws since Reconstruction times.

It was a testament to a new national enlightenment that, despite pockets of anti-Catholicism, especially along the middle border, the United States elected its first Catholic President—with the help of the majority of the Southern (and Protestant) states.

Lincoln's America was an alliance of proud and quarrelsome states, and Washington, D.C., was widely regarded as the lair of Satan. Ten decades later, every active candidate for the Presidency was a job-holder in Washington (Nixon, Kennedy, Humphrey, Symington, and Johnson), and the subsequent national tickets were composed of four men who rose to prominence from the Senate. For good measure, both national party chairmen were, for the first time, members of the Senate too.

In 1860, the vote was sectional; Lincoln failed to carry a single Southern state. A century later, the two parties were more nearly national than ever before. Even the most persistent one-party enclaves—including South Carolina and Maine—became battlegrounds during the campaign. Equally striking was the eclipse of the local political boss as a controlling figure in the national conventions. Television has created a new constituency which overrides the boundaries of the precinct—and the camera's eye has had a ruinous effect on the secluded, smoke-filled rooms at conventions.

A century ago, the Presidential ballot contained four candidates, every one of whom received a significant portion of the vote. By 1960, the United States had become a two-party country—with a vengeance. For the first time since its founding, the Socialist Party withdrew altogether from the Presidential battle; the vote for minor-party contenders fell to an all-time low. The country was too distracted to notice, but in 1960 America became the only Western democracy where third-party dissent was virtually inaudible.

Herblock in the Washington Post

Smoke-Filled Room—1960

Every Presidential campaign is a mirror of the nation. In 1960 the portrait was of a people who were prosperous and without marked political passion—and yet who were aware that the country was venturing into a difficult era. It is indicative that the parties nominated the youngest pair of contenders for the Presidency at the very moment the oldest Chief Executive in our history sat in the White House. However, the closeness of the vote suggests that whatever John F. Kennedy's intentions, the nation he will lead is not yet in a very adventurous mood.

A series of long-term institutional changes lie behind the election results. The most obvious change since 1860 is that as a nation we have moved to the city. A century ago, four-fifths of our population lived in rural areas; today, the farm population has shrunk drastically and at least five out of six Americans live in urban areas. And, according to *Fortune,* forty million Americans now live in areas that are "strictly suburban."

In Lincoln's time, the great majority of Americans enjoyed a high degree of self-sufficiency either as farmers or as artisans. Nowadays, we are a nation of hired men. It is estimated that thirty-eight per cent of the labor force is employed in organizations that have more than 500 employes. The web of interdependence now binds even the professional man and the small entrepreneur whose livelihood is directly affected by Big Business, Big Labor, and Big Government.

The old differences which used to fence people apart have been gradually leveled. Ethnically, we are nearly all (ninety-five per cent) American born, and eighty per cent of the population is of third generation stock. The ancient taboos have weak-

ened; it caused scarcely a ripple of comment when members of the Jewish faith were elected governor of Connecticut and Senator from Oregon; an offspring of Irish grandparents will sit in the White House, and Negroes are edging toward at least the outer fringes of the power elite.

Although residual poverty, to our shame, still persists, it is fair to say that more Americans are better off than ever before. Some forty-three per cent of all non-farm families have an after-tax cash income of between $5,000 and $10,000. It is of course necessary to be on guard against complacent reflections on our affluence, but nonetheless it speaks well for America that by 1970, the Census Bureau estimates, nearly a third of all college-age persons will be enrolled on some campus.

But economic success in nations as well as individuals can be accompanied by lassitude and flabbiness. At the time of Nikita Khrushchev's visit to America, Walter Lippmann wrote: "The critical weakness in our society is that for the time being our people do not have great purposes which they are united in wanting to achieve . . . We talk about ourselves these days as if we were a completed society, one which has achieved its purposes, and has no further great business to transact." In 1960, a year of epochal change in Africa and Latin America, and a time of decision in the United States, the characteristic titles of best-sellers were *Enjoy, Enjoy!, The Good Years,* and *How I Made $2,000,000 in the Stock Market.*

We have, in sum, moved from a decentralized to a mass society, and our interests have shifted from the ardors of production to the comforts of consumption. And by analogy, it could be said that our politics has moved from the country store to the supermarket.

The old-time country store was local, individualistic, homely, inefficient—and pungently aromatic. The modern supermarket is a national institution, standardized, glamorous, superbly efficient—and notably deodorized. In 1960, our two living former Presidents, Herbert Hoover and Harry Truman, seemed like nostalgic remnants of the era of the country store. Their style of politics was several light years distant from that of the two young men who stepped briskly into and out of the suburban shopping centers.

At times during the campaign, it seemed as if the country were caught in a sales war between Safeway and the A&P. Even the argot of politics was affected; the key words we remember were "image," "format," "exposure," and "prestige"—all borrowed from Madison Avenue. With the detachment of a sales executive appraising a rival promotion drive, Nixon observed in early November that the Democrats had "peaked" their campaign too early. He was nearly right.

The approach to issues in both camps disclosed a debt to advertising techniques. In their daily speeches, the two candidates repeated the same words and phrases over and over again, presumably to achieve maximum penetration: "It's time to get America moving again," "A record is something you build on, not stand on," "Give me your help, your hand," and so on. Nixon was especially notorious for this practice; reporters called his standard, pre-tested utterance The Speech. The Vice President's celebrated acceptance speech at Chicago, according to William Shannon of the New York *Post*, "was little more than an anthology of favorite selections, dating back to 1954."

Repetition, simplicity of statement, identification with glamor, appeal to basic emotions—these are the hallmarks of a good television commercial, and this approach seemed to set the tone for both campaigns. While Kennedy was clearly the more cerebral of the candidates, he was not above trying to snare the consumer with glamor or sentiment. But his lapses in taste were few, and the Senator always appeared a little uncomfortable about soap opera techniques. Nixon fairly reveled in them; no speech was complete without a humble reference to his childhood and family, and a brigade of Hollywood celebrities provided the supporting cast for "Dial Dick Nixon," his last-minute TV talkathon that was full of electronic razzmatazz.

As a consequence of the supermarket approach, the campaign seemed to be a frenetic struggle for public attention, rather than a systematic discussion of the issues that divide the parties. Even the "Great Debates" turned as much on external appearances as the substance of anything said; the question of Nixon's makeup was as important as his position on Matsu. Midway in the debates, Joseph Alsop lamented: "To date, in truth, a good deal of the private comment on this campaign has suggested that Presidential candidates are like dogfood. The packaging has got all the attention; the contents of the package far too little."

All this reflects not only the changing circumstances of the country but also the characters of the two candidates. Both men entered politics as much through chance as through decision; Nixon has freely confessed that if Sullivan & Cromwell had offered him a job after his graduation, "I am sure I would be there today, a corporation lawyer instead of Vice President." Kennedy entered politics because his older brother, who had been tapped for a career in public service, was killed in action during World War II. Throughout their careers, both men have been more interested in the means rather than the ends of politics; as *Time* quoted Kennedy: "In my family we were interested not so much in the ideas of politics as in the mechanics of the whole process." Although both men came of age during the New Deal era, neither—characteristically—was caught up in the passions of the time.

Thus, in 1960, the American people had to choose between two candidates who, except for accidents of

birth and local circumstance, might have wound up in the other's party, or in one of the sprawling organizations that now sets the tone of American life.

The central problem that faces the country and President-elect Kennedy is that much of the world is nearer to the America of 1860 than to the comfortable land of the present. It is not the mechanics but the ideas of politics that have caught the imagination of the emerging masses of Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Indeed, in many of the developing countries, the structure of the state and the emergence of a national spirit are problems as acute as they were in Lincoln's America.

Perhaps the most meaningful episode of the whole campaign was the meeting of the United Nations General Assembly in New York. The contrast between the two Presidential candidates and the score of heads-of-government who arrived on our shores could not have been more starkly dramatic. Khrushchev, Gomulka, Nasser, Nkrumah, Nehru, Tito, Castro, and Sukarno—all of them committed men, most of whom had endured prison in behalf of a political cause. And it is with these men that the Kennedy Administration will have to deal.

Fortunately, Kennedy showed promise during the campaign of being more than a supermarket politician. He helped to overcome the doubts of many by the verve of his manner, the toughness of his mind, and his sense of history. Whatever the vicissitudes of his past career, the President-elect displayed new qualities in his campaign which invite the hope that the days of inertia and aimlessness are coming to a close.

It may be that Kennedy, who owed his election in large part to television, can use this medium for more than razzmatazz. The President of the United States does not have to worry about his Trendex rating; the White House, as Teddy Roosevelt remarked, is a bully pulpit. The challenge to Kennedy will be to communicate something of the ferment in the outer world to a people who have been lulled for eight years by government-as-usual. If the Great Debates proved a disappointment, President Kennedy's talents as a monologist have not yet been tried.

III

Cuba's Economic Revolution

by JAMES O'CONNOR

This is the second of two articles on Cuba by James O'Connor, who recently spent two months studying developments in that country. The concluding article, scheduled for the February issue, will assess American foreign policy toward Cuba and the revolutionary government. An economist at Barnard College, Mr. O'Connor has written for a number of professional and general publications.—THE EDITORS.

WHEN FIDEL CASTRO'S revolutionary government undertook the total reconstruction of the Cuban economy, many North American journalists confidently told their readers to expect run-away inflation, general shortages, and subsequent economic chaos. At regular intervals beginning in mid-1959, *Time* and *U.S. News*, to mention but two sources, predicted that Castro's schemes would bring economic ruin to the Cuban people. These U.S. magazines reasoned that central economic planning would expose the island's economy to irrationalities, imbalances, and distortions which a "free market" system seldom reveals.

Two or three decades ago, Western economists would have shared this view. Events in the Soviet Union, however, have shown it to be false; central planning has proved to be at least equal, and possibly superior, to a system of private markets in coordinating economic activity and harnessing economic resources. Yet the popular image of what is in store for a country which replaces the free market with state planning has lingered on. Evidently, we are still in no mood for the truth.

Nowhere are central planning methods more feasible than in Cuba where, today, a two and one-half billion dollar industrial empire—forty-three banks, thirty insurance companies, all transport, mining, and fishing facilities, together with ninety-five per cent of the island's agriculture—are owned by the government.

To begin with, most of Cuba's agricultural resources are tied up in the production of a single, homogeneous crop: sugar. For this reason, Cuban economists can employ relatively simplified planning methods, such as production controls, and techniques of allocating the work force.

Second, because the sugar crop cycle is highly seasonal, more than one-half of the industry's labor force is unemployed seven or eight months each year. In a free-market economy, this would pose an obstacle to economic progress and impose on the governing class a severe political

handicap; in a socialist economy, planners can draw on under-utilized labor to raise production levels of other crops.

Third, there are important economies of large-scale production (lower average costs accompanying large production units) associated with sugar cultivation and processing. This has had momentous implications for the historical development of the industry, most prominent of which has been the dominance of the giant *latifundia*, the great sugar monopolies. According to Cuba's last agricultural census (1946) of the island's nine million hectares in farms, nearly two million were owned by only 114 agricultural corporations. Consequently, great tracts of arable land were left idle. Had the industry been competitive, more land would have been brought into cultivation, outputs increased, and prices lowered. In 1946, for example, only one-half of all tillable land was under cultivation; on the average large, administrator-operated farm, only 14.9 per cent of total holdings was cultivated. Cuban planners are now able to utilize vast amounts of idle lands, in addition to a large number of under-employed farm workers.

Moreover, the great disparities in the distribution of income which arose from inequalities in the distribution of property have given Castro considerable "play" in his reconstruction program. By suppressing the bourgeoisie *as a class* through expropriation and nationalization, he has been able to redistribute resources, land, and capital from the private to the public sector of the national economy.

For these two reasons, Cuban planners have succeeded in raising the level of investment and consumption *simultaneously*. Idle land and labor may be employed either on irrigation or construction projects (investments), or in the production of tomatoes, beans, and other consumer goods. A portion of the lands expropriated by INRA (National Institute of Agrarian Reform) has been used for investment purposes—sugar production, for example, which as an export earns foreign exchange or is bartered for Soviet and East European capital equipment. The Institute has diverted the remainder into consumption channels.

The rise in Cuban agricultural production has been of truly spectacular proportions. Tobacco output rose from $23.4 million in 1958-59 to $41.4 million in 1959-60. For the first time in recent years, Cuba is a net exporter of tomatoes. The rice crop this year is roughly one-third greater than last year. The production of fruits (exports to the United States will total about $7 million in 1960-61), peanuts, cotton, potatoes, beans, and corn are all up.

The decline in food imports from the United States—from $165 million in 1958 to $132 million in 1959 and probably less than $100 million last year—is further evidence of INRA's progress in diversifying agriculture. I was told by Jacque Chonchol, a Latin American agronomist employed by INRA, that Cuba's import needs in this field will eventually be reduced to only $50 million annually. According to Chonchol, Cuba will become fully self-sufficient in rice (a savings of $40 million), fats and oils (an additional $40 million), and cotton ($10 million).

However, inexperienced and at times careless management under the state controlled program has prevented Cuba from fully realizing its agricultural potential. Chief among INRA's mistakes, reports Professor Rene Dumont, France's best-known agricultural expert, was its failure to

promote a mixed agriculture, a simultaneous and complimentary development of food production and livestock breeding. So far, for example, forage by-products (e.g., the chaff of rice plants and cane tops) have been wasted. In addition, Professor Dumont has criticized INRA's overwillingness to exploit new lands to the exclusion of raising productivity on fields already under cultivation.

Moreover, there has been some indiscriminate slaughtering of cattle by ill-advised administrators. I have witnessed stands of corn destroyed by the application of inappropriate fertilizers, and I was told that in one instance a mahogany forest was felled to supply railroad ties for a new branch line.

Nor has nationalization of industrial enterprises been entirely an unmixed blessing. Undoubtedly the political cadres in charge of manufacturing plants, mines, and other non-agricultural operations have been guilty of as many errors of judgment as their rural counterparts. *The Wall Street Journal* reported recently, for instance, that a mine administrator intent on surpassing his production quota blasted away support-columns of rock and ore. Salvage operations will be costly and, meanwhile, production has stopped. Where the cadres are aware of their want of skill and experience, rather than bungle the operation, they often allow assistants to follow independent policies, creating a kind of administrative anarchy by default. I must emphasize, though, that these are short-run problems, and, in those industries where Cuban technicians remained in their managerial posts, marginal ones. Time is on the side of the political administrators, most of them eager and conscientious men, whose abilities will improve with experience.

What was most striking about manufacturing industries under Batista's capitalism was their pervasive inefficiency. In industries protected by high tariffs, firms had no incentive to rationalize production processes. At the other extreme, United States goods easily out-paced Cuban products on the basis of quality as well as price, and consequently threw many firms into a state of permanent defeatism.

When the present government clamped down on imports and at the same time raised money wages while

enforcing price controls, powerful incentives were created in industries manufacturing import substitutes to improve work flows, utilize machinery more efficiently, and step up production generally. Food canning and processing industries, textiles, and tobacco, especially, responded immediately. Consumption of processed foods went up roughly thirty-five per cent; the rise in tobacco consumption has been of a similar order. Quality improvements in textile products were apparent almost from the beginning, and, at the moment, Cuba's sixty-one textile mills nationalized in October 1959 run twenty-four hours a day.

Cuban planners have made similar strides in utilities and construction. Forty thousand new telephones have been installed since 1959. Electric power facilities have been improved. Far more dramatic are the revolution's accomplishments in construction. INRA, INIT (National Institute of Tourism), INAV (National Institute of Housing and Savings), and the Ministry of Public Works have diverted nearly all of the island's construction facilities from the private to the public sector, a vast once-and-for-all redistribution of capital and materials. Construction and extension of hospital facilities have provided nearly 17,000 new beds. In 1959 INRA built more than 10,000 new homes, INAV nearly as many single-unit dwellings and apartment houses. More than 1,200 new schools (providing 15,000 classrooms) were put up by INRA alone. INIT facilities—motels, beaches, and restaurants—have sprung up all over the island and have absorbed a large (although unknown) portion of the increase in money wages.

How well Cuba has used its idle capacity and exploited income inequalities is disclosed by movements in the general price level. Contrary to popular belief in the United States, there has been no general price inflation, even though average money wages have risen forty per cent since 1958 and the money supply soared from $483.5 million on January 1, 1959, to $750.8 million on July 31, 1960. The lack of inflation is especially striking when it is realized that commodity imports from the United States, which amounted to seventy-one per cent of total imports in 1958, fell from $540 million three years

ago to $436 million in 1959. Prior to the recent export embargo, Cuban imports in 1960 were running at a rate of only $250 million annually.

It is true that prices of selected commodities, particularly luxury goods, have risen; butter, for example, was scarce for a brief period last summer. More recently, there have been shortages of poultry and eggs, and carrots are now dear in urban centers. Western journalists have failed to realize, though, that these shortages and differential price increases reflect *distribution* rather than production problems, the former invariably accompanying the shift from free markets to a planned economy. The Soviets, for example, have been unable to streamline their distribution network, even after thirty years experience. This is an important failing of central planning, and Cuban economists are much aware of the problem.

Output gains have not been fully sufficient to absorb the total increase in money wages; the government also has been forced to bring its fiscal powers into play. For one thing, top government salaries have been slashed as much as fifty per cent. Second, while INRA's budget is unquestionably inflationary (the excess of expenditures over revenues amounted to roughly $400 million last year), many appropriations were lopped off last summer to keep the deficit within manageable limits. Third, a sharp rise in the income tax has sopped up a portion of the increase in money wages. Fourth, two new payroll taxes, a "working tax," combined with an "industrialization" tax, have reduced disposable incomes of all Cuban workers by a total of seven per cent. Last, the new urban reform law will absorb much of the purchasing power of landlords, although it risks alienating an important class of small property owners.

Castro's willingness to take this risk is one sign that future headway will depend upon advancements in technology and productivity, in the absence of which the level of private and public spending would in fact be inflationary. Production gains so far seem to have been confined largely to the utilization of idle capacity, the redistribution of capital, and the rationalization of existing plant. There will soon be no "slack" in the economy by which the planners can profit.

What are Cuba's prospects for sustained economic growth? Three trends in Cuba's approach to development planning seem to bear on this question:

One—A willingness to experiment with central planning. On October 25, 1960, all but $100 million of U.S. investments in Cuba remaining under private control—a total of 166 firms—was expropriated by the revolutionary regime. Eleven days earlier, the government had seized 380 Cuban-owned companies, together with twenty large American corporations. Ultimately, all foreign investments will be liquidated, and the independent national bourgeoisie confined to retail trade and small service industries.

Hand in hand with the nationalization of industry and agriculture, and the transfer of control from private owners to public administrators, has gone the evolution of a central planning structure, the *Junta*, or Central Planning Board. Up to a few months ago, the various Institutes, and some of the Ministries were *de facto* independent and autonomous planning agencies; the political and economic powers of INRA, especially, transcended those of the government itself. Moreover, the spontaneous nature of local reconstruction imposed limits within which planners were compelled to remain if they

were to draw fully on the potential of the masses. It is still true that the government is responsive to the Cuban people; in fact, it is fair to say with regard to *domestic* affairs the state is the political instrument of the workers and peasants. Castro would not dare arm 200,000 militiamen if it were otherwise.

The *Junta* has not stripped the public agencies of their power altogether. Quite the contrary; by integrating and balancing the work of the National Bank, INRA, and the Ministries of Economy, Health, Education, Communications, Work, and Public Works, the *Junta* has smoothed the way for each to realize its latent possibilities. Under Regino Boti, a Harvard-trained economist elevated to the post of Minister of Economy and technical secretary to the *Junta*, are three divisions required by economic planning in Cuba—the *Direccion Nacional de Planificacion*, which evaluates investment projects; the *D.N. de Estadisticas*, the statistics-collecting branch; the *D.N. de Organizacion Economica*, set up to deal with problems of commodity price and quality control. Here, in my judgment, are the beginnings of a truly workable planning structure.

Two—An emphasis on light industry. "Humanistic" is the description Fidel Castro gives the Cuban revolution. His meaning is partially revealed by the emphasis Cuban planners place on light, at the expense of heavy, industry. This is a new departure in socialist economic planning, a policy which will reap for Castro long-run political benefits as it enlarges the island's capacity for the production of consumer goods. The relatively small capital investment that light industry requires is its immediate economic rationale. This does not mean, however, that Cuba will neglect capital goods industries. The hope is that a market for the latter will be created by an expansion of light industry, thus averting short-run over-capitalization in such sectors as steel and basic metals. In ten years or so Cuba will have a steel industry; plans for a rolling mill are now being discussed. But there are no plans to imitate the Soviet experience of the 1930's; Castro has no intention of sacrificing the immediate welfare of the Cuban people to bring about rapid industrialization.

Ironically, the Soviet bloc itself will provide Cuba with her new capacity for turning out consumer goods. The government will barter sugar and other commodities for Eastern European brush, canning, cutlery, household appliance, and other factories, delivered ready to assemble.

Three—A reliance on Soviet bloc aid. The recent export embargo ended any lingering hopes in Cuba of United States aid to the revolution. Castro therefore has to rely almost wholly on Soviet bloc trade, as well as loans and grants. Last February, Cuba signed its first commercial agreement with Russia; in May, a far-reaching trade pact with Poland. Since then, agreements have been reached with nearly every Communist country, as well as with a number of neutralist nations. Expected momentarily is a king-sized deal with Russia under which Cuba will barter her entire 1960-61 sugar crop (expected to reach 5.7 million tons) for vast quantities of machinery and spare parts, raw materials, and technical aid. It is true that the Russians will pay only roughly two-thirds of the old United States' price under the quota system. This is not the point, however; while the monetary value of imports purchased with sugar export earnings was greater under the old system, Russian trade is far and away more significant for Cuba's economic development. Under Batista, Cuba "bartered" sugar for luxury consumer goods and dividend and interest payments to foreign investors. What is more, Castro has been left with no alternative but to enlarge trade with the Eastern world.

Carmack in Christian Science Monitor

"I'll Just Have to Be Patient and Keep Trying"

Barring a full-dress invasion by counter-revolutionary forces now training in Florida and Guatemala, the odds are that Cuban planners will succeed in modernizing the island's economy and at the same time maintain the material standards of the island's peasants and workers. To be sure, Cuba, like most underdeveloped countries, lacks skilled native workers, technicians, and engineers. Knowledge of mineral deposits and other natural resources falls short of what is essential for coherent and viable economic planning; only after private companies were nationalized, for example, were their resource studies made available to the government.

In spite of these handicaps, investments in by-product research, education, and industrial diversification—investments of energy, imagination and faith, as well as money—have already yielded partial dividends, likely to multiply in the future. For instance, ways have been found to turn bagasse, sugar's main by-product, into newsprint, a large import item in recent years. Again, Swiss chemists have developed for INRA a new process for canning sugar juice, an old problem unsolved until recently. More important, the island's resources could easily support a diversified chemical industry, including plastics, and a modest iron and steel industry. Eventually the government will lay open the vast mineral and power resources of Oriente, now chiefly an agricultural province, and, placing a new emphasis on science and engineering, turn the educational system, completely outmoded and corrupted under Batista, into an instrument of economic and social progress. When a whole people have decided to redeem themselves from half a century of economic misery, then they will do so; this, I think, is Cuba's message to its Latin American neighbors.

as it is in heaven

by MILTON MAYER

". . . the white boy became so infuriated that he struck a Negro boy in the face with the tire-chain. The Negro boy kept walking . . ."

WE AMERICANS are a faithless people, and the rest of the week betrays the one hour on Sunday when we go through the perfunction of proclaming our faith (or hire men to proclaim it for us, and to visit our sick, and to bury our dead). And those who skip the perfunctory hour include most of the Americans who concern themselves with social justice.

Why are we faithless? The concerned because they are persuaded that the Church as a whole is the agent and apologist for social injustice—or at best its silent partner. The unconcerned because they are so enchanted with the works of their own hands that they cannot imagine the necessity for Man the Maker to have help. Man himself is God, and the earth (and now the heavens) manifest his handiwork.

But this faithless American, concerned or unconcerned for social justice, would be faithless for the same reason the Second Century Christian was already faithless: He would not mind adoring the Cross if only he didn't have to carry it too. If only his faith did not require works which in turn require the surrender of force to suffering for the sake of the redemption of the enemy one loves. If *this* is faith, when all experience proves that the enemy "doesn't understand anything but force"—

True, the faithless man is uneasy in his dependence on force. He knows that the enemy does not even seem to understand force. (You hate and kill the criminal, and crime increases.) He knows that force is at least as often on the side of injustice as it is on the side of justice. He knows that force even in a just cause affects its user so that he sees the face of the evildoer in the mirror.

He knows these things. But he sees no other way. And this is why he is faithless. The way of the faithful—to love and to suffer—not only has no chance of achieving social justice but penalizes the just man and hands the unjust their victory on a platter. And so the American (like the Russian) has gone on shedding blood and depending on the whip, the club, the dirk, and the pistol, on the chain, the lock, the bars, and the handcuffs; uneasy in his dependence but triumphant in his argument: There is no other way.

And in this melancholy case he arrives at the end of the age of violence. If there is no other way now to get what he wants—social justice, say, or liberty, or security—then there is no way at all. They used to say that you could do anything with a bayonet but sit on it; now you can do anything with a hydrogen bomb but use it.

Absolute violence—enough to destroy everything and incapable of destroying less—turns out to be absolute impotence. Gerhardt Burckhardt, the German physicist who plays with mathematical projection, says that a one-hour attack with present firepower would leave one billion dead "and casualties would be roughly equal among those who were at war and those who were not." The nuclear weapon became obsolete on August 9, 1945.

"There is no alternative to peace," says General Eisenhower. But if there is no alternative to peace, and if there is no other way than violence to achieve social justice, then there is no way to achieve social justice at all, and surrender is as inevitable as it is ignominious; for the enemy believes (or is always believed to believe) that there *is* an alternative to peace and is capable of using it. So the age of violence is at an end, and it is not a matter of win, lose, or draw, but lose, lose, or lose—*unless the faithless are wrong and there is another way.*

With the unconfessed (and perhaps undiscerned) recognition that violence is ended, the faithless American has gone on talking about using it to put out "brush fires" abroad; controlled doses of archaic forms of violence to protect the outer margins of the Free World dictatorships, or to save Congo's uranium, Cuba's sugar, or Salvador's coffee from the enemy. But even as he talks, he knows that *violence* and *control* are incompatible concepts; so he just talks. The 1941-45 war was the last one the faithless American will positively enjoy. And if you don't enjoy it, and can't survive it, violence is dead.

So the faithless American has to retreat to his last unprepared line of defense: If you can't use violence abroad any more, you can still use it at home. You can make laws to achieve social justice (or whatever you want) and monopolize archaic forms of violence in the police who enforce the law. Then you have a police action, with one police force in Mississippi or two in Korea.

But down in the deep dark American South there has been all this time a people of faith. They were not good or great people, and their faith failed them on Saturday night; but on Sunday their faith was strong again. And even in their secular societies like the NAACP they began their meetings with an invocation and ended them with a benediction and cried out "Amen," and not "Pour it on," when the speaker spoke of liberty. Backward people, to whom the supernatural was more tolerable than the natural.

They had been slaves, and were still

slaves, for the measure of slavery is not law but dignity. They had been black heathen, and their Christian masters had given them Christ. They liked this Christ. They liked Him because He was the only freedom they could imagine. Above all, He spoke to their condition, for their condition was, above all, helpless to use violence as a remedy. Their masters may have understood something other than force—but at least they understood force and had a monopoly of it and had no need of Christ.

The history of slave revolutions, with violence a monopoly, was unexceptionable. If there was any way at all, there had to be another way. The Christians' Christ had another way, and the heathen black half-understood it. To win anything at all when you were powerless—a slab of sowbelly or a handful of collard greens—you had to love or pretend to love and make the master sorry for you. So the "happy" Negro—the patient, wheedling Uncle Tom and Aunt Jemima—was born.

But their understanding grew as their slavery continued; and as their slavery continued their faith was not beguiled by their understanding. "Gradually" their outward condition improved, by force of the white man's law in Washington and his violence supporting law. But his law and his violence were in Jackson and Montgomery and Baton Rouge, too, and they were closer home and much, much surer and less gradual.

There was nothing wrong with gradualism for a patient people, except that the white man, even in Washington, decided what was gradual and what was not. And when he wanted to be elected to Washington, the gradual became imperceptible and the promises transparent.

There were a few new laws—and a new interpretation of an old one by an unelected Court—and years and years of commissions and reports and conferences. But there was something else. There was faith in God, Who was always on the side of the helpless and Whose power was greater than all violence and Whose Son had promised emancipation from indignity: *Neither bond nor free, neither Greek nor Jew.* If emancipation had been less gradual, the Negroes' faith might have waned like the white man's in the face of Progress. But it was gradual.

There was something else. Blacks could vote now, if they could register. If there were enough of them up North who could register and vote some day, a candidate for President would have his brother 'phone a white judge in the South and advise him to let one of their leaders out of jail.

But that was still a kind of violence, called democracy, where the majority elected the lawmakers and enforced the laws and did anything they wanted to the minority; coerce the judge by telephone or put the Nisei in concentration camps in an "emergency" or even amend the Fifth Amendment (and any other). That couldn't be the remedy for the minority. Nor was it Christ's way at all, and even the illiterate among the black minority, the Gullahs, for instance, had heard of Christ's way, so ardent had their masters been to implant it in them.

There was something else. By and by little bands of grey-flanneled angels came to strengthen their faith and their hands, from the North and even from the South; from the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the American Friends Service Committee and especially from a still more obscure organization called the Congress of Racial Equality. These people preached Christ's *technique* and told the marveling blacks that Christ's technique might even be the way to achieve social justice within a living black man's lifetime.

There was something else. Through no fault of his own—his history, too, had been hard—the white Southerner loved violence. A Jew could reason with a Nazi easier than a black could reason with a Southern white. When the black man's faith was weak he was tempted to say of the Southern whites, "They don't understand anything but force." But when his faith was strong he saw that they half-understood something else: The white Southerners, themselves oppressed, held fast to the facade of the Church, the mumbo-jumbo of an almost emptied faith. Even when they hated and killed, they burned a *Cross*. And the black man saw that there might be a chance some day—just an outside chance, but better than no chance at all—that he could touch the Southern white man's heart in the name of Christ.

Last spring, when three hundred fifty Negro students were arrested in Orangeburg for sitting down at the lunch counters, the governor of South Carolina said: "They think they can violate any law, especially if they have a Bible in their hands." Maybe they can. Maybe anyone can if he has enough faith. So they prayed and prayed—hadn't their Christ Himself prayed in the Garden?—that their courage to suffer be fortified and their faith not fail them when they were clubbed and spat upon; for if their faith failed them they would return evil for evil and be destroyed. And when they had prayed and prayed, they broke the law.

Many men have broken the law; John Brown, Al Capone. But not like this. This wasn't civil disobedience. This was non-violence. And the law struck with all its violence, and with its volunteer janizaries. The lawbreakers were clubbed and whipped, hosed and burned; and Martin Luther King knew it and had known that it would come to pass, and he said, "We must fill the jails." And they filled the jails and did the hardest thing of all: They blessed them that cursed them.

And the lunch counters opened, unsegregated.

One by one the lunch counters opened—all the lunch counters of the four major variety stores organizations in 112 cities in the course of the past eight months. And the Southern whites had all the violence on

CIVIL DEFENSE: BILLION DOLLAR BOONDOGGLE
by SENATOR STEPHEN YOUNG

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their side in support of all the laws, good laws against trespass, loitering, obstruction of traffic, incitement to riot, criminal anarchy (in Louisiana), and conspiracy to interfere with trade (in Tennessee).

And when the clubbing was over the Southern whites were left with their broken laws in their hands and the lunch counters open; and their lawful violence was as useless as the lawless violence of the world at the end of the age of violence.

What then? The whites sat down at the lunch counters with the blacks as if they had never done anything else. There has not been a report of violence at an unsegregated lunch counter. Last month the chain store managements reported that there had been no loss of business since integration. The question is not, Who lost or won? but, What lost or won? Liberty won, and violence lost. The "cake of custom"—the "Southern way of life"—crumbled the instant the law was non-violently violated. And six years after the violent enforcement of law in the schools, the Southern way of life fights on to the end; it can cope with violence.

And now the pattern is set—Christ's technique all the way and everywhere—at the parks and the beaches and the libraries and the movies and the voter registration desks and the real estate offices and the employment agencies and the hotels and hospitals and buses. And the schools. Has the black man found the way to soften the white man's heart? The Army, the Navy, and the Marines have found the way to soften his skull, the way of civil war at home and the end of the world abroad.

Those who rejected non-violence as "politically irrelevant" were always the faithless, including those who, rejecting it, rejected Christ while they professed Him. Those who told the pacifist that they respect his view—but, did not respect his view. And if they admitted that it was relevant in India "because the British were civilized," they were the same people who called the white Southerner (or the Nazi or the Communist) uncivilized. He who rejects non-violence now has got to reject it because it is Christian, not because it is ineffective.

"Face the fact," he has always said, "that self-preservation is the first law of nature, including human nature." And of superhuman nature? "Ain't no such animal," he says. But there is. It takes more than a self-preserving human nature to fear injuring more than injury, killing more than dying, and disgracefulness more than disgrace. It takes a supernature, which comes to even the most blessed of men only in their greatest moments; and it comes from the supernatural. "If you're afraid you'll fight back," the students told each other in the South, "then you're not ready."

They don't call it a movement; they call it the Cause. They had a purpose in life all the time. Now they have a way to achieve their purpose. And in the North, where the young had no purpose in life, and where disillusionment with a rotten time was entire, "this issue appears to have aroused the present campus generation as have few others." (This from the New York *Times.*) "We were waiting for leadership to come from the South," says Martin Smolin, a member of CORE at Columbia; from the most benighted people in the benighted South.

This opportunity of the Southern Negro to witness to his faith has not been perfect, because he is willy-nilly there seeking his own; and love seeks not its own. But he knows this because he knows Christ. He knows that it is the white student—Northern, but especially Southern—who sits there with him and seeks not his own who has the perfect opportunity. Will the Negro's present experience prepare him to participate when the perfect opportunity comes to him?

Will the black man, after he redeems us from the racism in our hearts, help redeem us from the money in our hearts and the indifference in our hearts and the war in our hearts? We are waiting for leadership to come from the South, and to come soon and help us overcome the "cold pogrom" racism of the North, the hatred compounded by the hypocrisy that keeps the Northern black man from knowing where he can sleep and eat and where he can't.

"I think this is being engineered by the Communists," says Harry Truman of the sit-ins. The Cause is a Christian cause among a faithless people with a perfunctory routine of faith, of non-rational people among rational people whose reason has come to a dead end. And the Jim Crow Church is silent still, like the press and the public forum and the President.

But for the first time in post-revolutionary American history the great political parties endorse law-breaking, in their late platform planks on the sit-ins. For votes, you say; cheap votes. These Kennedys and these Nixons, Catholics, Quakers, what have you, call for more violence and praise non-violence; denounce lawlessness and support law-breaking; cry up order and approve of holy disorder. If for cheap votes, they buy the cheap votes dearly, for they promote the end of the age of the violence on which their authority, and their uneasy country's, rests.

In hoc signo. "It is the beginning of new things," says Lillian Smith. Or the discovery of old. Four hundred years before Christ, Socrates of Athens said, "We ought not to retaliate or render evil for evil to anyone, whatever evil we have suffered from him." Four hundred years after Socrates, Christ said it "as one having authority." We have denied the authority of philosophy and of faith, of man and of God. What if we were to heed it? What if the Negroes of America—the people to whom Christianity was given and who used it—were to show the whites another way at the end of the age of violence? What if America became a Christian country? *What would the Russians do then?*

HOW TO PASS YOUR LAW

by ROBERT SATTER

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The Assault on LIBERTY

by

JUSTICE HUGO L. BLACK

The United States Supreme Court recently refused, for the second time, to void the conviction by the state of New Hampshire of Dr. Willard Uphaus, seventy-year-old lay minister who completed his year in prison December 11. In tones that rang with passion, and sometimes with anger, Justice Hugo L. Black delivered a memorable dissenting opinion in which Chief Justice Earl Warren and Justice William O. Douglas concurred. Portions of that dissent appear below.—THE EDITORS.

I THINK the summary dismissal of this appeal [by a majority of the United States Supreme Court] without even so much as the benefit of oral argument, when the abridgment of the rights of free speech and assembly is so obvious, is a sad indication of just how far this Court has already departed from the protections of the Bill of Rights and an omen of things yet to come. Such retrogression, of course, follows naturally from the Court's recent trend toward substituting for the plain language of the commands of the Bill of Rights elastic concepts which permit the Court to uphold direct abridgments of liberty unless the Court views those abridgments as "arbitrary," "unreasonable," "offensive to decency," or "unjustified on balance," for these concepts reduce the absolute commands of the Constitution to mere admonitions.

I think it is time for all who cherish the liberties guaranteed by the Bill of Rights to look closely at the disastrous consequences upon those liberties which have resulted from the Court's use of such concepts. The present case graphically illustrates those consequences when it is stripped of the ambiguous legal formulations which have been imposed upon it and considered in the context in which it actually arose—the conduct of Dr. Uphaus as an individual.

He is a citizen of this country by birth. Throughout the nearly seventy years of his life, evidently from early boyhood, he has been a deeply religious person. The record shows his active membership in and official service for various Methodist churches in the communities where he has lived. The record further indicates, without dispute, that he is a man whose life has been dedicated to the principles of his religion. He holds a degree as a Doctor of Theology. He taught religious education at Yale University and was associated with the Religion and Labor Foundation for a number of years. Over the years, his religious faith manifested itself in an increasing opposition to war. It was this belief which led him, in 1952, to become the director of World Fellowship, Inc., a summer camp operated, he says, in the interest of promoting the ideas of pacifism.

Almost immediately upon his arrival at World Fellowship, Dr. Uphaus came under the fire of an investigation conducted by the Attorney General of New Hampshire, apparently on the theory that World Fellowship was frequented by "subversive" persons. Eventually he was called before the Attorney General to testify. He expressed a complete willingness to answer any question concerning himself, including any views he might hold or any actions he might have taken with regard to any subject.

In addition, he expressed a willingness to give the Attorney General any information which might be wanted in regard to the subject matter of any speeches made at World Fellowship. But he absolutely refused to give the Attorney General: (1) a list of the nonprofessional employees of the camp; (2) a list of all the guests who had stayed at the camp; and (3) his personal correspondence with the speakers who had appeared at the camp.

Upon being met with this refusal, the Attorney General sought a court order requiring Dr. Uphaus to produce these items. The court, apparently viewing the request of the Attorney General for the names of the camp's dishwashers and floor sweepers as totally unreasonable and being uncertain as to the legal amenability to subpoena of the correspondence, ordered Dr. Uphaus to produce only the names of the guests. This, Dr. Uphaus persisted, he could not do, resting his refusal upon the following reasons, to which he has adhered throughout this long ordeal: (1) because "by the direct teachings of the Bible . . . it is wrong to bear false witness against my brother; and inasmuch as I have no reason to believe that any of these persons whose names have been called for have in any sense hurt this state or our country, I have reason to believe that they should not be in the possession of the Attorney General"; (2) because "the social teachings of the Methodist Church teach us clearly and specifically that we in the United States should stand up and uphold civil and religious rights; and in particular, it condemns guilt by association"; and (3) because "I love this document [the Bill of Rights] and I propose to uphold it with the full strength and power of my spirit and intelligence."

Nonetheless, the order to produce

was upheld and Dr. Uphaus was imprisoned for his failure to comply with it. As a result, he has been in jail since December 14, 1959, under a judgment which sentenced him to imprisonment for one year or until such time as he would comply with the order to produce.

His plight, however, is even worse than would normally be indicated by that sentence in that there can be no assurance at all that he will be released at the end of the year specified. The Attorney General of New Hampshire insists, notwithstanding the recent legislation reducing his powers, that he has a right to continue all investigations presently pending, and the Supreme Court of New Hampshire apparently agrees with him.

This Court, by its action today, necessarily takes the position that this serious abridgment of the rights of free speech and peaceable assembly does not even raise a substantial Federal question. As a result, it is entirely possible that Dr. Uphaus will be subjected to new questioning and forced into a new "contempt" as soon as he serves out this year's imprisonment. The brief filed by the Attorney General of New Hampshire makes it appear that he has every intention of doing just that. Thus, a distinct possibility exists that this man who, at least so far as these records show, has never committed a single crime, nor even so much as an immoral act, faces imprisonment for the rest of his life. This simply because he has refused to violate his religious principles and sacrifice his constitutional rights by disclosing the names of those with whom he has peaceably assembled to discuss public affairs in this country.

The predicament of Dr. Uphaus may be likened to that of the defendant in the famous *Sheriff's Case* before the House of Lords in 1767. There the City of London sought to prosecute a religious dissenter for refusing to serve in the office of sheriff as required by its by-laws. The defense was that the Corporation Act would have made it a crime for a dissenter to serve in that office for it required an oath from all officeholders that they had taken the sacraments of the Church of England within the year. The dilemma of the dissenter was vividly described by Lord Mansfield in stating his views on the case:

"Make a law to render them incapable of office; make another, to punish them for not serving . . . If they accept, punish them; if they refuse, punish them; if they say, yes, punish them; if they say, no, punish them. My Lords, this is a most exquisite dilemma, from which there is no escaping; it is a trap a man cannot get out of; it is as bad persecution as the bed of Procrustes: If they are too short, stretch them; if they are too long, lop them."

This technique of putting unorthodox groups into a position where their only real choice is between various alternative punishments (a technique the prevalence of which today extends far beyond the borders of New Hampshire) is strikingly similar to that being utilized here against Dr. Uphaus. If he testifies, his friends will suffer; if he refuses to testify, he goes to jail. The dilemma is truly one "from which there is no escaping" for a man who, like Dr. Uphaus or like the religious dissenter in the *Sheriff's Case*, cannot bring himself to sacrifice either his religious principles or his legal rights.

That case also serves to highlight a most unfortunate aspect of the decision in this case. For there, nearly two hundred years ago and in England where there was no Bill of Rights, the House of Lords refused to countenance the use of that technique. They held it to be inconsistent with the Toleration Act by which Parliament had guaranteed religious freedom even though the terms of that guarantee were far less sweeping and more limited in application than the absolute commands of our First Amendment. In my view, the majority's disposition of this case, reducing as it does those absolute commands to mere admonitions, means that our First Amendment amounts to something less as a charter of freedom than England's Toleration Act was held to be. This in the very face of the indisputable historical fact that one of the primary reasons for the establishment of this country was the desire of early settlers to escape religious persecution.

I do not suggest, of course, that this imprisonment of Dr. Uphaus is without precedent in history. Indeed, I am painfully aware that there are a multitude of such precedents extending from many centuries back in the past and continuing forward in an almost unbroken line to the present day. There is, for example, the case of the Puritan minister John Udall in 1590, a case which bears a strong similarity to that of Dr. Uphaus.

Udall was called before a court in connection with the investigation of the authorship of certain religious tracts which, in the words of one of the judges, "tend[ed] to the overthrowing of the State, and the moving of Rebellion." That court sought to force Udall to disclose the identity of other Puritans so that it might question them as to the authorship of the tracts. In refusing to divulge the demanded names, Udell gave his reasons in a statement not unlike that of Dr. Uphaus before the New Hampshire court. "I will take an oath of allegiance to her majesty, wherein I will acknowledge her supremacy according to statute, and promise my obedience as becometh a subject; but to swear to accuse myself or others, I think you have no law for it."

Udall, like Dr. Uphaus, was sentenced to jail for civil contempt under a judgment which ordered his imprisonment until such time as he would consent to testify. But such coercion was as ineffective in that case as it has been to date in this. Udall's dauntless spirit was never broken even though his body was. He died in prison within a few years.

It would not be difficult to point out many other cases such as that of

Udall, but I will content myself with one other. Some seventy years after John Udall's experiences, there was a dissenting preacher in England named John Bunyan. He was arrested for preaching and efforts were made to get him to agree not to preach any more. He refused to be coerced into silence. The result was that he was put through a kind of trial and sentenced to prison for holding "several unlawful religious meetings . . . to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this kingdom. . . ." In Bunyan's case the imprisonment lasted twelve years, and it was during those twelve years that he gave to the world *The Pilgrim's Progress.*

My guess is that history will look with no more favor upon the imprisonment of Willard Uphaus than it has upon that of Udall, Bunyan, or the many others like them. For this is another of that ever-lengthening line of cases where people have been sent to prison and kept there for long periods of their lives because their beliefs were inconsistent with the prevailing views of the moment.

I believe the First and Fourteenth Amendments were intended to prevent any such imprisonments in this country. The grounds urged by the Attorney General of New Hampshire here are, as shown by the cases of Udall and Bunyan, precisely those that have always been urged for throwing dissenters in jail, namely, that they are a menace to the community and it is dangerous to leave them free. It may be true, as the Attorney General of New Hampshire suspects, that Dr. Uphaus has at some time been in the company of Communists, or that the people who have been in his camp have been in the company of Communists. But even if it is true and those associates are as bad as they are suspected to be, it is my belief that our Constitution with its Bill of Rights absolutely forbids the imposition of pains and penalties upon him for peaceably assembling with them. That great charter was drafted by men who were well aware of the constant danger to individual liberty in a country where public officials are permitted to harass and punish people on nothing more than charges that they associate with others labeled by the government as publicans and sinners.

Homes Without Hate

by MARVIN WEISBORD

"There is a man in Philadelphia who makes his living by making other people unhappy.

"His name is Morris Milgram. He is a homebuilder and developer on a big scale. His practice is to choose a happy, contented community of attractive homes where there has never been a race problem and build a lot of integrated apartments and residences.

"Bringing Negro buyers and residents into the community depresses property values of existing homeowners and causes genuine sorrow.

"Milgram has built such communities in Pennsylvania and New Jersey and in all cases he has raised unhappy race issues. His latest is a proposal to build a similar community in Deerfield, a suburb of Chicago . . ."

—ALABAMA JOURNAL, Montgomery
December 7, 1959

"We have not found a single case anywhere in the nation in which the presence of an integrated development has brought wholesale panic selling among nearby residents, or where the development has caused observable depreciation of real estate values. On the other hand, there are a number of instances in which property standards and valuations have gone up as a result of the building of a well-planned non-discriminatory development. At least one of these is in suburban Chicago."

—George W. Grier, co-author of PRIVATELY DEVELOPED INTERRACIAL HOUSING, a report to the Fund for the Republic published by the University of California Press.

MORRIS MILGRAM began building interracial housing in 1952. And despite the *Alabama Journal's* gloomy portrait of him, as far as anybody knows Milgram has neither created a race problem—nor depressed a property value.

Some of his houses have won prizes for good design, and all of them turn over at a much lower rate than the national average. Milgram has done so well that in 1958 he and several associates set up Modern Community Developers, Inc., to build what the trade calls "open occupancy housing" on a national scale.

MCD is a stock company which lends money to builders, invests in co-op housing, builds houses, or sets up subsidiaries to build them, when and where it finds suitable land. Capital is provided by 1200 stockholders who have invested more than $700,000. Some builders consider interracial housing—which means making neighbors of whites and Negroes—another way of going into voluntary bankruptcy. Maybe this is why MCD is the *only* national firm in its field. But what MCD tries to do is neither so radical nor unprofitable as it may sound to many ears.

Housing expert George Grier says there are at least seventy-five interracial housing developments in the United States today, most of them built and sold for profit. You could hardly expect a segregationist editorial writer, blinded since birth by bigotry, to examine Grier's painstak-

MARVIN R. WEISBORD, Philadelphia free lance writer and formerly teacher of journalism at Pennsylvania State University, has contributed to a number of American publications, including Coronet, Science Digest, and Parents.

ing analysis, let alone understand it. Unfortunately, this form of blindness —in which the eyes become extraordinarily sensitive to skin color— affects Northern builders too. "There is an unwritten law in America that all new housing is for white people only," says Milgram, who is president of MCD.

Milgram, a dark-haired, intense, fast-talking, boyish-looking man of forty-four, believes that houses, like furniture, cars, and TV sets, should be sold to anybody who can afford them. His feeling has roots one can understand. Born into a family of garment workers on New York's lower east side, he was weaned on Socialist tracts, and spent some years with the pro-labor (and anti-Communist) Workers Defense League. He got into building because his father-in-law was a builder and wanted a partner; but Milgram came in only on condition that when he learned the business he could build "open" housing. Since 1952 he has built nothing else.

His background aside, Milgram believes that the men who wrote the Constitution of the United States intended that all citizens should enjoy *equal* protection from their government and from each other. He feels this so deeply that integrated housing is a burning issue with him. He has Negro friends and neighbors, and he understands, as few white people do, the anger, frustration, and pain of the rejected Negro family forced from one ghetto to another despite education, income, or stability.

In the early 1950's Milgram met an influential Quaker builder named George Otto. Otto, as conservative as Milgram is liberal, agreed, as a matter of conscience, that Negroes deserved the same kind of housing their white counterparts have; he said he thought an interracial subdivision, soundly financed, could succeed. He also knew people with money, and between his friends and Milgram's the two raised $150,000 to build Concord Park (139 homes in the $12-16,000 class, forty-five per cent Negro), near Trevose, Pennsylvania, and Greenbelt Knoll (nineteen homes costing $20-45,000, eleven white, eight Negro families), where Milgram lives in Philadelphia.

The two projects produced no race incidents, but they did make money. Much encouraged, Otto and Milgram moved to Princeton, New Jersey, where they formed a company with the help of local citizens, among them the Reverend B. J. Anderson, a Negro minister, who, by practicing what he preaches, has made his formerly all-Negro church twenty-five per cent white.

The Princeton group built forty houses which sold on an open basis at from $18,000 to $45,000, seventy-five per cent to whites. There were no race riots, no hate literature, no drop in real estate prices; and stockholders earned seven per cent in capital gains.

In 1958 Milgram organized MCD to do on a national scale what had worked out so well locally; today he, Otto, and the Reverend Anderson serve as MCD's steering committee. MCD-backed houses, with the editorial support of local newspapers, are going up in Waterbury, Connecticut, and near Wilmington, Delaware, so far without incident. MCD has money in three New York cooperatives, while in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Washington, D.C., local groups are getting ready for future projects.

An interracial developer's biggest headache is land. Few owners have enough courage to sell property in "white" areas to someone who plans to sell some of it in turn to nonwhites. That is why MCD was especially pleased with the two sites its Illinois subsidiary, Progress Development Corporation, bought in Deerfield last year.

Deerfield, one of many all-white suburbs that ring America's big cities, could hardly be called an ideal place to build interracial housing. Its citizens had never remotely believed they would someday have to live with Negroes.

MCD did not "pick" Deerfield, however. It wanted only a good building site. Max Weinrib, a Chicago-area builder hired to run Progress, saw a "For Sale" sign in a likely looking field while driving through Deerfield one day. Weinrib had looked for a long time without success for a homesite as good as this one.

Progress quickly bought the tract, fifteen acres known as "Floral Park," in April, 1959. Two months later, hoping to cut costs by building more homes, Progress picked up another seven acres nearby and named the site "Pear Tree." Weinrib proposed to build thirty-nine houses on the first site and twelve on the second, and the Deerfield Village Board of Trustees approved his plans. Progress began putting in sewers and water at Floral Park and contracted for two $30,000-$35,000 sample homes.

Most of Deerfield's residents live in homes worth an average of $23,000. The village is located about twenty miles north of Chicago but not quite far enough east to be part of the exclusive North Shore. The average Deerfield husband, a college graduate who has moved up to junior executive grade in his Chicago office, brings home perhaps nine to ten thousand dollars a year. One Deerfield resident commented, "Many of the people who live here haven't come so they can assume new civic responsibilities, but so they can escape old problems." But they haven't done either. Two big village problems that have nagged Deerfield citizens the past few years are how to get more school land when the two school districts have both already borrowed to their debt limit, and how to get parks when most residents don't want to pay for them.

In August, 1959—about the time Progress was laying its sewer lines at Floral Park—Deerfield's voters were offered two referendums. In one they gave the school board its money for a new junior high school; in the other they turned down the park board's request for land to be used for a swimming pool and "joint park-school use." Neither referendum, it should be noted, grew out of a crying need for Floral Park or Pear Tree. Nowhere in the minutes of either the school or park boards does one find these sites mentioned as worth acquiring.

Deerfield repressed its school problems and simmered quietly until November. About November 11, a Deerfield minister named Jack Parker anxiously told his vestrymen something he had just learned. A reliable source had told him ten or twelve of Progress' homes would be sold to Negroes. The news sped, almost with

the speed of sound, from the church to the village fathers. Within a day or two all Deerfielders knew—and a good many feared—that integration, considered by most Northerners an exotic Southern disease, was about to strike them.

On November 13, Deerfield's building commissioner Bowen began looking for—and finding—code violations in the sample houses at Floral Park. Bowen ordered Max Weinrib to correct the defects; then he shut down the job the same day, making correction impossible.

On November 17, Deerfield's park board met and learned, to its dismay, that previously apathetic local citizens had suddenly become obsessed with the need for parks. Like a witch doctor invoking a spirit against evil, Deerfield anxiously invoked a new kind of public spirit against Negroes. A Mr. Powell of the Deerfield Citizens Committee, a long-standing civic advisory group which had done little advising until now, told the park board his members had decided Deerfield could not live another day without an "overall land program" which the DCC would gladly prepare.

The next night Floral Park and Pear Tree were top items on the agenda of the village board meeting, and one woman said a petition to ask condemnation for parks would soon make the rounds. A week later, the village board convened again, and, mainly at the insistence of a conscientious local minister, the Reverend Paul Berggren, met Morris Milgram and heard MCD people explain their plans.

More than 200 residents attended this meeting in an atmosphere of fear, anxiety, and bitterness. While the village board went into caucus, a Harold C. Lewis made a speech. He said MCD's plan was "totalitarian," and he was sure there was a legal way to stop it. After the meeting hundreds of Deerfielders swarmed into the American Legion hall across the street. Here Lewis spoke again, and this time a local attorney was overheard remarking that what Deerfield was trying to do was avoid its social responsibilities. One must pay a terrific price for avoiding one's social responsibilities, said the attorney, but he was sure Deerfield was willing. "Let's add $10 to the tax bill; I'm for parks," he concluded.

One would think from this that Deerfield didn't like the idea of integration; but Lewis, who turned out to be head of a new civic group, the North Shore Residents Association, said nonsense. "I felt sure," he later told radio commentator Ed Randall, "that none of us were opposed to integration that comes about in answer to demonstrated and definite needs. We all of us recognize that basically there's no man, woman, or child in the world today that isn't entitled to a place to live, a place that is in keeping with what he has been able to earn, and to prove he's worthy of, irrespective of race. It's silly to think of anything else; and I don't think there's a soul in Deerfield that feels any different. There has been simply *no* anti-Negro feeling in this area."

Why, then, did Lewis oppose MCD's developments? Well, he didn't like MCD's methods. They were *forcing* integration on Deerfield, and, deceit in their hearts, had tried to keep the plan secret. This, he contended, was unfair, un-American, and might hurt property values.

In spite of Lewis' claim that integration was not an issue, about 200 residents, including Reverend Berggren, felt the need for a Deerfield Citizens for Human Rights group to support Floral Park and Pear Tree. This group, which included Republicans, Democrats, Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and most of the village's ministers, started a campaign of its own. In advertisements, handbills, and door-to-door visits, it told residents not to panic, that property values wouldn't decline, that Negroes had a right to live in Deerfield, and so on.

Lewis, by trade a man who merges corporations, became upset at this and turned pamphleteer. "Although we have made it clear that integration is not the issue, our opponents continue to insist that it is," he wrote in a long tract, "The Massive Wallop." (The wallop, he indicated, was an unrelieved pressure campaign to intimidate the village into accepting totalitarianism.)

Because much of the force behind the wallop came from ministers, Lewis cited eleven Biblical sources to prove even theologians can't decide whether or not integration is Christian. Probably, Lewis suggested, it isn't—a strange conclusion for the son of a Methodist minister whose church issues a pamphlet that says, "Our Lord Jesus Christ teaches that all men are brothers. He permits no discrimination because of race, color or creed."

In an attempt to prove his contention that integration was not the issue, Lewis launched an attack on the United States Supreme Court, which, he implied, had been subverted by political hacks. Integration didn't really matter in the Court's reversal of *Plessy vs. Ferguson,* said Lewis, but rather "the threat to representative government." The Court, he argued, had muscled in on legislation, where it didn't belong, and was now deciding cases not in light of the Constitution but, instead, on whim at the advice of so-called experts (most of whom are on Senator Eastland's subversive lists) about the effects of segregation on Negro children. Why didn't they consider the effects on white children, Lewis wondered. What was at stake here was free government itself, he emphasized, inserting, irrelevantly, a quotation from George Washington.

Meanwhile, Lewis' North Shore Residents decided on an "unofficial poll" to see how many people favored Floral Park and Pear Tree. On December 6, with the community in a frenzy, Deerfield made it clear it wanted Negroes as much as it wanted flood or famine. More than 3,500 residents voted against the housing developments, only 460 for; 56 couldn't decide.

Lewis smugly reported the poll in a letter which he sent, curiously, to the Association of Citizens Councils, of Greenwood, Mississippi. He was writing anyway to thank the councils for sending him segregationist literature in which "the absence of prejudice or emotionalism lends great credence to your arguments."

Lewis assured the Southerners that, contrary to what they thought, the North *was* doing its part. He felt sure the Deerfield poll "would be typical of residents anywhere in the North if confronted with a similar situation."

Of course, Lewis pointed out, it is much easier to resist integration in the South. "At least you do not have to fight your political leaders and

ministers and newspapers to the extent we must up here," he added. "Any support you can give us will be most helpful," he concluded.

The Lewis letter came to light in an interesting way. The segregationist Augusta, Georgia, *Courier*, published it on the front page. But the newspaper interpreted for itself Deerfield's claim to lack of prejudice, for on the same page the lead story began, "Deerfield, Illinois, has voted overwhelmingly to remain segregated."

On December 7, the day after the poll, the park board met secretly, and, confident of the wind's direction, voted to condemn six sites for parks. Two of the sites already had been condemned by a school board, two of them were Floral Park and Pear Tree, and as for the other two, perhaps the board really felt it needed them and perhaps, as MCD contends, they were thrown in to make the operation look good. In any case, the board set December 21 for a referendum and decided $550,000 worth of bonds would give Deerfield all the parks, swimming pools, and school sites it could use for some years to come.

If Deerfield, as Lewis maintains, had no anti-Negro feeling to begin with, it was now suddenly beset with incidents one would be hard put to explain. A cross was burned on the lawn of a Deerfield Citizen for Human Rights; a minister received a note, "Nigger lover, why the hell don't you just move out of Deerfield?" And one night nineteen studs in a sample house at Floral Park were hacked through with an ax.

On December 18 the park board offered to buy out Progress and MCD, and three days later 2,635 citizens voted them the money with which to do it; surprisingly, 1,207 voted "no." This drop in the "anti" vote from better than eight to one only seventeen days earlier must be credited in part to the work of Deerfield's Citizens for Human Rights, led by Adrien Ringuette. But it may also be that, despite the hysteria and anxiety, those who voted twice earlier that year against buying unimproved land at $4,000 an acre failed to see the logic of taking a site with sewers, water lines, and two $30,000 houses on it for $10,000 an acre—especially when the land had had "For Sale" signs on it for two years without anybody trying to build an "overall land program" around it.

The day after the referendum, MCD and Progress filed a $750,000 damage suit in the U.S. District Court. They named Park Board President Mitchell and his four board members, Village President Koss and his five board members, Chairman Lewis and other North Shore Residents, and Joseph G. Powell and others of the Deerfield Citizens Committee as members of a conspiracy to deprive the corporation and its clients of their civil rights.

Handling the suit for MCD were lawyers, headed by John Hunt, from Adlai Stevenson's Chicago law firm. In a preliminary hearing before Federal District Judge J. Sam Perry, they charged that the scheme to condemn the land for parks was hatched only after Deerfield learned of the plan to sell to Negroes. This, it was argued, amounted to conspiracy. For evidence, MCD and Progress tried to show that neither the park board nor the school boards had ever mentioned Floral Park or Pear Tree in their minutes as sites worth developing — although they talked about many other sites. They also tried to show that the defendants, many of whom did not even know one another before November 14, had met many times since to discuss Deerfield's problems.

They pointed out that no building code violations turned up in Floral Park until the day after Deerfield discovered Negroes. Finally, MCD and Progress said that despite Lewis' claims of no anti-Negro feeling, they had read his writings and reached a contrary conclusion.

Deerfield, on the other hand, tried to show it had always needed more park land, that the sites had been talked about time and again as good ones, that building code violations did exist on the job, that MCD's stock had been misrepresented in its prospectus, that Morris Milgram had

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a pacifist record, and so on. As for the many private meetings, the defendants could not recall much of what went on. There had been, in Park Board President Mitchell's words, much "general discussion" about parks and schools. Had the words "Negro" or "integration" ever come up? Witness after witness could not remember.

But all this aside, argued Deerfield's lawyers, one ought not to obscure the insidious heart of the matter: it is not the village that discriminates against minorities, but rather Modern Community Developers! Proof? MCD had proposed a "quota" of Negroes, say ten or twelve out of fifty-one families. Whatever its pretenses, said the defendants, MCD is really out "to impose racial restrictions upon the occupancy of real estate throughout the country."

Judge Perry, after preliminary hearings that fill about 2,000 pages, did not even try the suit. He threw it out of court. As far as he could see, Deerfield always wanted and needed parks but had never been willing to pay for them. This time the park board "struck while the iron was hot." In other words, it saw a chance to do its civic duty and it did it. Judge Perry could not see how this violated anybody's civil rights. What's more, it was clear to him that the quota system amounted to a "restrictive covenant" or "racial quota system" which was illegal and discriminatory. "Deerfield can be proud of the sane and sober manner in which its village and park district officials have acted during this turbulent period," wrote the judge.

MCD and Progress have already taken the case before the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit; the decision is now pending.

To protect what for the moment appears to be its property, Deerfield has leased the two sample houses to its village manager and park grounds custodian.

Both MCD and Deerfield have tied up large sums of money in the litigation, and in the end it may turn into a battle of bankrolls. Deerfield is rumored to have paid one lawyer alone $25,000 of tax money to defend its officials, while the private defendants must find their own money. What the Deerfield situation will cost some of its people in moral anxiety and guilt no one can estimate.

MCD, for its part, is tying up as much of its capital as it can afford, and intends—with much more at stake than the village—to fight to the U.S. Supreme Court if need be. The firm is receiving some unexpected help in its struggle. A group of citizens led by Ross Allen Weston, minister of the Evanston, Illinois, Unitarian Church, and backed by such nationally known figures as Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Saul Bellow, and Norman Thomas, and key Deerfield citizens, has set up the American Freedom of Residence Fund to help fight legal battles of this kind.

How many more battles there will be depends to a great extent on what happens in Deerfield. "This is a test case that will decide whether or not a community can use its power of eminent domain to preserve segregation in housing," says Morris Milgram. If MCD loses, every village that would rather not integrate just now will know how to handle interracial builders.

"I will say I believe Judge Perry made a very sound decision, one that is in harmony with the Constitution . . ." was Harold C. Lewis' comment.

On the masthead of the Augusta *Courier*, which printed Lewis's letter to the white citizens councils in Mississippi, is a motto by which Deerfield may be measured: It reads, "BE NOT CONTENT WITH THE APPEARANCE OF THINGS, BUT LOOK FOR THE TRUE MEANING." And just to the left of the motto is a flag of the Confederate States of America.

Is There an Oculist in the House?

by OGDEN NASH

How often I would that I were one of those homely
philosophical old codgers

Like, say, Mr. Dooley or Will Rogers,

Because I could then homelily call people's attention to
the fact that we didn't see eye to eye
with the Italians so we had a war with
them, after which, to put it succinkly,

We and the Italians became as close as Goodson and Todman
or Huntley and Brinkley,

And we didn't see eye to eye with the Germans and we had
to either fight or bootlick,

So we fought, and now everything between us and the Germans
is gemutlich,

And the Japanese didn't see eye to eye with us, so they
fought us the soonest,

And today we and the Japanese are of companions the boonest.

Now at the daily boasts of "My retaliation can lick your
retaliation" I am with apprehension stricken,

As one who watches two adolescent hot-rodders careening
headlong toward each other, each determined to
die rather than chicken.

Once again there is someone we don't see eye to eye with,
and maybe I couldn't be dafter,

But I keep wondering if this time we couldn't settle our
differences before a war instead of after.

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How to Get Your Law Passed

by ROBERT SATTER

"THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW!" is more than a common American grouse. It is the rally cry to action of innumerable citizen organizations throughout the land. From P.T.A.'s to church councils, from garden clubs to civil liberties organizations, virtually every volunteer group has a "legislative" or "social action" committee. During sessions of the state legislature, leaders of these groups converge on the state capitol, determined to get the idea closest to their hearts enacted into law. They crowd the corridors, pack the public hearings, and lavish the legislators with literature. They represent one of the most vigorous aspects of our democracy in action—citizens participating directly in the legislative process.

As a representative in the Connecticut state legislature, I have watched these sincere and high-minded people try to make their influence felt. I have also seen the shining light of their idealism swallowed up in the political jungle of the legislature. For in that arena, the political parties are supreme. Their programs are the main business of the legislature.

However, within this highly charged political atmosphere, groups of public-spirited citizens do have a genuine opportunity to influence the course of legislation. Although the political parties dominate the legislature, they exercise their power on only a relatively few major bills. The parties as such take no stand on the vast majority of measures before the legislature, such as those relating to the abolition of capital punishment, wire tapping, or comic book censorship. As a consequence, citizen groups have a free opportunity to influence individual legislators.

The critical challenge is to translate enthusiastic citizen support into legislative accomplishments. Marshaling the forces favorable to an organization's measure, blunting the thrusts of the opposition, and achieving the transformation of a proposed bill into an enacted law is an art. It does not require the hiring of highly-priced lobbyists. But it does require planning, persistence, and persuasiveness. Above all, it requires a clear understanding of how the legislature operates, so that the most efficient use is made of limited time, money, and energy.

The struggle to get bills passed, like all contests, has its ground rules. To public-spirited citizens interested in being effective in a state legislature, I recommend the following guides to action:

One—Distill from your notions of good legislation a proposal that is both feasible and specific.

Visionary ideas for improving or reforming your state are fine. But when you come to translate them into a legislative program for which you are willing to spend time and money, you must be practical and concrete. Trying to get a law enacted is playing "politics," whether or not you like the word. The art of politics, of course, is the art of the possible and the art of compromise.

Occasionally, you must limit your proposal to less than your conception of the perfect law. For example, those seeking to abolish capital punishment have sometimes found it expedient to present a bill which does not provide for an absolute ban, but allows capital punishment for the killers of prison guards and kidnaped children. Likewise, the supporters of a measure to control the construction of billboards on limited access highways may improve their chances of success by permitting an exception for those portions of highways which pass through already developed industrial or commercial areas. The important thing is to get the principle, the essence of the idea enacted. You can come back in succeeding sessions to improve the details in the direction of your long-range goal.

Two—Endeavor to commit both political parties to your specific measure at the time they are making up their campaign platforms.

The parties are never more amenable than at the start of a political campaign. Their platform committees will seriously consider almost any proposal which has the support of a substantial group of voters. The wise approach is to draft the specific measure your organization favors and then try to get the precise operative language into the party platform. Moreover, get it into the platforms of *both* parties.

This is the real story behind the enactment, in the 1959 session of the Connecticut legislature, of a civil rights law which prohibits racial discrimination in the sale or rental of private housing by the owners of five or more units. At the time of the political conventions in June, 1958, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and other civil rights groups did not settle for a pious plank in a party platform on the righteousness of equal opportunity for all races. They insisted upon a specific promise to

ROBERT SATTER, a lawyer, recently completed a term in the Connecticut legislature.

prohibit discrimination by the owners of five or more housing units. Furthermore, they got the pledge into the platforms of both the Democratic and Republican Parties.

When the legislature convened six months later, both parties were completely committed to the measure. There was no way they could avoid their clear election promise. Although individual legislators opposed the bill, the political leaders exerted the full measure of party discipline when the time for a vote came. The victory achieved that day in the legislature had been won many months before, at the start of the political campaign—when it is often easiest to win.

Three—Have your bill drafted clearly and accurately.

In most legislatures the ideas for proposed laws must be submitted in the technical form of a bill. The drafting of bills is a specialized skill. It is extremely important that it be done well. Every time a poorly written bill must be amended in the legislature, its chances of passage are substantially reduced. Draftsmanship is so important that even if your group is operating on a limited budget, it is worth hiring an experienced craftsman to do the job right.

Four—Get proper sponsorship for your measure.

Bills are not submitted to the legislature by private citizens but must be introduced by a legislator. It would be helpful, of course, to have your bill sponsored by a leader of the dominant party. Although this does not necessarily assure the leader's active support, it carries weight with lesser legislators who will assume he favors the measure.

However, by far the best sponsor is the competent legislator who wholeheartedly supports your measure and is willing to battle for it. If he gets public recognition for the bill, he will fight even harder. Despite the size of state legislatures, one determined lawmaker, vigorously fighting for a measure and willing to take on all foes, can do much to achieve its passage.

Five—Early in the session endeavor to commit individual legislators to your measure.

At the outset, before tensions mount, legislators are easy to approach. They are flattered to have constituents discuss matters with them and enlist their support. Moreover, they are more likely to have an open mind and to consider the bill on its merits than they might later in the session when party pressures may build up around your measure. A firm commitment obtained early from a legislator generally will be honored when the vote is taken.

Six—The best approach is direct personal contact with the legislators but letters, telephone calls, and newspaper publicity can be effective.

A buttonholed legislator is like a fish on the hook. He may get away but he is going to have to do some wriggling. A legislator should be approached by the citizens of the town or district from which he has been elected. Although legislators will listen politely to anyone, they give eager attention to voters from their own area.

If your group cannot talk to the legislators personally, then you have to get your message to them by mail or telephone or through the newspapers. The most telling letter campaign in the 1959 session of the Connecticut legislature was conducted by the garden clubs in support of a measure controlling the erection of billboards on limited access highways. Every legislator received a blizzard of letters on the issue. It was the massiveness of the attack, the sheer weight of numbers that won.

However, a few well-written and sincere letters can be just as effective. Since a legislator receives a great deal of mail each day, his attention span is short. Letters should be brief, relevant, and factual. They should also be original. The same form letter sent by members of an organization is resented as an insult to the intelligence of the legislator. The first few telegrams sent to legislators are impressive but later in the session they are not worth the cost.

Direct telephone calls to legislators can also be persuasive. I remember with amusement a telephone campaign organized by the members of a large cemetery association in opposition to a bill which would have prohibited cemeteries from selling tombstones. The barrage started suddenly one afternoon, and for two days the phones of legislators didn't stop ringing. The calls were made by local voters, who were sincerely outraged at the bill. The Connecticut House of Representatives buried the measure—without a tombstone.

Favorable newspaper publicity on your bill is always helpful. Legislators regularly read newspapers, first, to look for their names, and, secondly, to find out what's going on in the legislature. This type of publicity should never be left to chance. The best approach is to seek out the capitol reporter covering your type of story and educate him on the merits of your bill. Above all, if one of your group makes a public statement, get it in writing and hand it to the reporters. The mangled newspaper quote is a despairing experience, and almost never reparable.

Seven—Be fully prepared for the public hearing on your bill.

The importance of obtaining the approval of the legislative committee to which your bill has been referred cannot be overemphasized. Of the more than 3,000 bills filed in the 1959 session of the Connecticut legislature, not a single measure was enacted into law without a favorable committee report. The public hearing is your opportunity to state your case to this important decision-making body.

The first rule is to make your presentation relevant to the standards a committee applies in deciding a bill. These are: What is the public interest? Who will benefit? Who will be hurt? What other states have similar laws and how have they worked out? Which politically significant groups favor and which oppose the bill? How much will it cost?

Eight—Work through a legislator on the committee deciding your bill, and take his advice.

Your bill is only one of hundreds being considered by a committee. All sorts of pressure may be swirling around it.

A friendly legislator can tell whether an agreement has been reached in committee on your bill so that more effort on your part will not only be unnecessary but could create a hostile reaction. He can also tell you when a bill is faltering in committee so that you may step up

your public activity and solicit additional support. He can advise as to the questions raised about the measure and the source of the opposition. Thus, your rebuttal can be relevant and directed at the proper target.

A legislator can also warn against raising needlessly controversial issues. For example, the group supporting the housing anti-discrimination bill in the Connecticut legislature wanted to circulate to the members of the committee a memorandum on the constitutionality of the measure. Since the constitutional question had never come up in the committee's deliberations, the brief, excellent as it was, would have created doubts where none existed. Accordingly, the group was advised to withhold the document.

The proponents of a bill to abolish capital punishment entwined their measure in the legislators' minds with a bill to repeal the Connecticut birth control law, the single most controversial issue in the General Assembly. They did this by publicizing that the same Protestant church groups supported both bills. Incurring additional and irrelevant opposition to the capital punishment bill was a tactical mistake which could have been avoided by counseling with a helpful legislator.

Nine—Keep in touch with the status of your bill right up until the time of the vote. Take nothing for granted.

Strange things happen to bills. For example, a bill can accidentally get lost; it can literally vanish. The crassest thing that can happen to a bill is for it to be sold out to satisfy the political commitment of an individual legislator.

The most common hazard a bill faces is that it will be bartered away for a vote on a major party matter. This occurs especially when the strength of the parties in either branch of the legislature is almost equal. Then each legislator has great bargaining power with the leadership, and some will try to exact a price for their votes on important administration measures. This price may take the form of party support for the passage of a bill they favor or for the defeat of a bill they oppose.

The most tortuous thing that can happen to a bill is for it to be amended. This is the method of flank attack used by the opposition when it cannot frontally defeat your measure. Often, it is done with unctuous solicitude. The amendment may be the disembowelling type, which leaves only the meaningless form of the bill. Or it may be the pie-in-the-sky type which purports to improve the bill beyond your fondest hopes, but utterly destroys its chances of passage. Or the amendment may be a purely dilatory tactic to delay a final vote on the bill itself until more of the opposition is present.

The only way to overcome these assaults on your bill is to keep constantly informed on its status during each stage of its travail through the the legislature and to be prepared to act instantly and effectively when attempts are made to destroy or cripple it.

It is helpful if your legislative friends can arrange to have the vote on your measure come up late, but not too late, in the session. There is a great unevenness in the amount of consideration given bills over the span of the session. The early bills are meticulously examined by the eager legislators; numerous questions are raised and amendments suggested, and the debate goes on interminably. Later in the session, as the number of bills ready to be voted on mounts and the leaders become concerned whether the legislature will complete its work before adjournment, the consideration of bills becomes more casual and the recommendations of committees are more readily accepted; many measures are put on a non-controversial calendar and passed without debate. Obviously, this is the time you want your bill to come up.

However, if your bill is left to the very end of the session, there is always the danger it will not be considered. For a legislature rarely disposes of all of its bills before it adjourns.

At the time your measure comes up for debate, have a delegation of your group in the gallery. Their presence will not only give your legislator friends the audience they love to play to, but will also give them the moral encouragement to fight even harder for your bill.

Ten—After your bill has passed one branch of the legislature, follow it through the other and into the governor's office. Take absolutely nothing for granted.

For example, you cannot assume that because your bill has passed the house, it will automatically pass the senate. In the senate there will be new forces at play. You will need new supporters and face new opposition. This is particularly true if the senate is controlled by a different party.

Moreover, you must follow your bill into the governor's office. Again

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THE BOOK CENSORS—A devastating expose of how a national Catholic organization is conducting a conspiracy with police and newspapers to bring about censorship in the U.S. Names are named.

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new forces exist; there is often the normal conflict between the executive and legislative branches of government; possibly there may be a political rivalry between the governor and the legislature; or the governor may have a personal antipathy to a particular measure. The governor's veto can determine the fate of a bill, particularly if he exercises it after the legislature has adjourned.

In the 1959 session of the Connecticut legislature, the governor, because of pressures exerted on him by the state police, killed an excellent bill, which sought to prohibit the introduction into evidence of an unconstitutionally obtained confession.

If a veto is in the wind, you can let the governor know of the strong sentiments of your group by letter, by a delegation to his office, and by newspaper publicity. A governor is usually sensitive to public pressure. He will not take the sole responsibility for killing a bill after it has passed both houses if his veto will kick up a storm.

After your bill has triumphed over the legislative snares and perils and miraculously has been enacted into law, there is one more thing to do: send letters of thanks to all those who were responsible for its passage. You would be surprised to know how pleased politicians are to receive letters of thanks. They get far more abuse than praise. A simple four-line letter of appreciation sent by the president of the state garden clubs to the chairman of the Connecticut Democratic Party, after the passage of the billboard control bill, was thought sufficiently important to be multi-copied and forwarded to all the Democratic legislators. Such a simple gesture builds incalculable good will for the next legislative proposal you undertake.

Many important laws have been and will be enacted because of the persistence of private citizens who know how to operate in the legislature and, to their surprise, have learned how to play politics. All their time and effort are more than rewarded by the excitement of participating directly in the workings of democracy and by the satisfaction of knowing that the law they help to pass will be a living contribution to the people of their state.

the NEW NEGRO on screen

by MARTIN S. DWORKIN

This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Dworkin on Negroes in the movies. The concluding installment will appear in the February issue. The series has run longer than scheduled because of the author's difficulty in coping with his massive researches on the subject.—THE EDITORS.

EARLY IN 1948, a few months before the Hollywood film companies began racing to bring out movies with Negro themes, the entertainment trade paper *Variety* took note of a change of mind and mechanics in the industry, cautioning that "STARS AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE." No longer was the presence of even a galaxy in the cast of a film sufficient to secure its success. The entire industry, to be sure, would never again be what it was before the war—and before the cataclysms of postwar change, especially television, the statutory separation of studios and theater circuits, and the diaspora of masses from cities to suburbs and exurbs. The new movie audiences evidently were developing new habits in seeking entertainment, even as the old mechanisms of supply were altering or running down. The situation could encourage good business gambles on the persistence of wartime good intentions. Themes, as much as star personalities, were merchandised in the flurry of relative seriousness over such problems as alcoholism (*The Lost Weekend,* 1945), rehabilitation of veterans (*The Best Years of Our Lives,* 1946), mental disturbance (*The Snake Pit,* 1948), anti-Semitism (*Crossfire,* 1947; *Gentleman's Agreement,* 1948), and the Negro problem.

The loudest tick of Stanley Kramer's timing with *Home of the Brave* (1949) may have been the punctual connection of the theme with movements of events, ideas, and attitudes —as daily realities and reflections on screen. But that this punctuality was possible had to do directly with timing within the changing movie industry, offering at least a clawing, scrambling chance for an independent producer to make a film treating a controversial subject, and to win commercial success without star performers. Significantly, when Kramer returned to the theme of Negro-white relations with *The Defiant Ones* (1958), it was with leading performers who were stars, in billing, compensation, and audience response—although no longer in fealty to studios according to the ancient iron usages of the industry. By then, it had become industrially, as well as aesthetically, possible for one of the stars to be a Negro, Sidney Poitier. Once again, momentums of change were choosing coincidences of events to be utilized—or creating them. And again, the golden powers of commerce somehow strove to serve the mercurial forces of popular imagination.

Poitier, to be sure, is not yet a true movie "hero" in *The Defiant Ones.* The drama, of a white man and a Negro physically and symbolically chained together as they try to escape from a prison gang, provides the bluntest confrontation of the new genre of films which deliberately emphasizes violent clashes of the races, including *Edge of the City* (1957) and *Something of Value* (1957) — both with Poitier; *Odds Against To-*

morrow (1959) and *The World, the Flesh, and the Devil* (1959) — both with Harry Belafonte; and even *All the Young Men* (1960), in which Poitier is both star and hero. The distribution of moments of vicarious association between the co-stars of *The Defiant Ones* is still unequal. What formulary "romance" or "sex appeal" there is in the film is projected via the experience of Poitier's co-star (Tony Curtis) with a swampland temptress (Cara Williams) — who is simply and completely denominated "The Woman."

The Woman, of course, is a principal problem in the development of colored heroes on screen. Colored heroines are another matter in the history of the movies — at once in spite of and because of the provision of the old Hollywood Production Code prohibiting themes of miscegenation. (The elimination of this stricture as part of the general revision of the Code in 1957 is another punctual factor affecting the inexorable transformation of movie images of Negroes.) Traditionally, such heroines are safely tragic, frequently of races other than Negro — including some of dubious ethnography, and almost always of such diluted "blood" in any case as to make the premise of sexual attraction at least visually uncomplicated by considerations of race, thereby equivocating in effect any apparent contravention of the Code.

A host of white actresses, from Billie Dove to Susan Kohner, have appeared as heroines of mixed blood. This convention is curiously analogous to that of white actors working in blackface, although to different purposes of vicarious involvement — and allowing white heroes to make love on screen without violating anything more serious than codes of morality. Here may be one reason why colored actresses have not risen to stardom, beyond top billing as singing and dancing performers. Dorothy Dandridge, perhaps, has come closest —but in no way matches the box-office meaning of Poitier or Belafonte.

In the privacy of audience imagination, to be sure, any pigmentation could be given the heroine—as well as any behavior, according to the skill with which the film makers have reached into the secret centers of fantasy. This could permit and quite often encourage associations of conventionally romantic symbols on screen with ancient erotic imageries out of folklore and forbidden literatures of the Occident, wherein Negresses and other colored females are figures of special imaginings. The mysterious attraction of invisible taint may help to clarify the otherwise obscure necessity for Julie London, playing a quadroon, to bare large portions of her skin as evidence in a courtroom scene of *Night of the Quarter Moon* (1959). The theme of a white man marrying a girl with Negro blood may not be new. But this partially hysterical and fully confused melodrama, purporting to attack prejudice, is plainly a film of the new racial consciousness. Not only is the young man (John Drew Barrymore) knowing and willing, in the face of the no longer terrible truth. The girl, against his mother's machinations, has to prove that she *is* colored, under the guidance of a Negro attorney (James Edwards), before the couple can be reunited.

The film thus falls in with a significant, and apparently growing, number of movies since the war that have dealt with the ancient alternative open to lightly pigmented persons of "passing" as whites. Attitudes of both races toward this problem are ambiguous, having roots in vagarious social prejudices, ancestral erotic fantasies, abysmal ignorances concerning heredity, and race in general—and ambivalences of pride and shame in apparent ancestry and racial identity.

Screen treatments inevitably display a wide range of intentions and qualities — from the commendable seriousness but sweetened evasions of *Pinky* (1949) to the maudlin tear-jerking *Imitation of Life* (1959)—an even soapier remake of the 1934 movie of Fannie Hurst's bathetic novel, which was shrewdly reshown in 1946; to the trashy sensationalism of *I Passed For White* (1960). Following the line of least vicarious resistance — and most erotic appeal — movie treatments of "passing" almost always focus upon women. An exception, one of the characters in *The View from Pompey's Head* (1955), is in perfect contrast, as he (Sidney Blackmer) is presented as an aged, sickly figure beyond romance—although not beyond considerable significance. As a writer, celebrated and vilified for his gamy representations of life in the South, he is deliberately intended to form a combination of Erskine Caldwell and William Faulkner. For easy recognition, however, he is tricked out in a white beard like that of the common man's image of the Great Writer, Ernest Hemingway. The discovery by a young lawyer (Richard Egan) of the long-buried truth that the writer's mother was a Negro serves to deflate exaggerated Bourbonism, represented by his wife (Marjorie Rambeau). But also implied, albeit hesitantly, is a notion that his mixed blood has something to do with his contribution to Southern literature. An attitude towards race mixture that seems to be rising towards open suggestion here is surely more romantic, at least, than all the erotic liberations of lightly colored women and white men in movies such as *Night of the Quarter Moon*.

As for Negro men and white women—that perennial nightmare corrupting dreams of racial equality, from New Orleans and Little Rock to Johannesburg and Notting Hill—the movies in their new enlightenment hardly approach in candor stage plays such as *Othello* and *All God's Chillun Got Wings*—or *Strange Fruit* and *Deep Are the Roots*, both reaching Broadway in 1945, when the young Negro lieutenant in the latter work could both describe and prophesy in saying: "Things are changing, Mama." But in those films directly, if not primarily, treating the problem, it is significantly unnecessary to insist upon tragic—or at least mortal —endings.

In *Island in the Sun* there is neither concealment nor revelation of the love affair between the colored labor leader (Harry Belafonte) and the charming white widow (Joan Fontaine)—or, for good measure, of that between the island governor's aide (John Justin) and the lovely mulatto shopgirl (Dorothy Dandridge). No embraces or caresses are ventured on screen. The mixed romances are bravely hinted at in long, self-conscious talk, relieved by intimations of more talk. But there is at least a dis-

mal novelty in leaving the lovers alive at the end. It is the colored man who turns away, sadly but firmly, from the white woman — while the aide, a writer and probably somewhat Bohemian anyway, takes his colored shopgirl off to London and putative marriage. Some point is made that this division represents the best that can be hoped for, in the present state of attitudes of both races towards intermarriage.

The problem is stated even more radically in *The World, the Flesh, and the Devil* (1959)—and even more seriously equivocated. A Negro man (Harry Belafonte) and a white woman (Inger Stevens) alone in a deserted world is a proverbial situation. Here it is given plural symbolism by making them survivors of an ultimate radioactive holocaust, which has mysteriously and sanitarily obliterated all signs of life in destroying it. The Negro is a thoroughly romanticized figure out of the new movie imagery: handsome, aggressively decent, educated, and completely versatile in the knowledges and skills of modern technological civilization. With considerable cinematic eloquence—especially in depicting the terrible vacancy of New York City, the metropolis of the world, empty of living things—the film goes to deliberate lengths to establish the good sense, human necessity, and romantic validity of a full relationship between the two young people. That they remain apart — chiefly because of the man's punctilious patience—seems an artificial convention for maintaining suspense.

With the introduction of a third survivor, a white man (Mel Ferrer), however, the significance of the drama is totally blurred, and the several symbolisms either dissipated in melodrama, or given other, dubious meanings. It is a mark of irresponsibility, if not plain childishness, to stage such a situation only to turn it into a mere movie rigamarole of rivalry over a girl, complete with armed chases and gunplay in the streets, gangster or Western style. If race is no longer an issue, as the predicament warrants and the white man himself insists, then neither are several other strictures or customs of abundantly populated civilizations. The girl's closing enforcement of truce without resolution becomes at best a meretricious evasion, the more pointless as it violates the integrity of fantasy, wherein anything—even truth—is possible.

Belafonte formed his own producing company after *The World, the Flesh, and the Devil* — which he strongly condemned for its waste of opportunity. His first film is a noteworthy example of the new imagery —and of its limitations in imitating conventional melodrama. In *Odds Against Tomorrow* (1959), a Negro (Belafonte), and a psychopathic Southern racist (Robert Ryan), join in an attempted bank robbery with a cashiered detective (Ed Begley). Red-neck Southern bigotry has rarely been more caustically portrayed on screen. And the ending, in which the two bitter antagonists are burned to indistinguishable cinders, has a simple, pointed irony. But making the Negro so clearly and sympathetically the good-guy-turned-unwilling crook is an integration of cliches of dubious virtue — although of some significance is the rise of Negroes to heroic imagery on screen.

Of the new Negro stars, Poitier has achieved the higher dramatic stature, appearing in more demanding, generally more significant roles. But it is Belafonte who has come closest to acceptance as a romantic protagonist—probably at least as much for his lighter complexion and more Caucasian cast of features, as for the background of his primary career as singer of romantic folk-songs and popular love ballads. Even Belafonte has not yet been granted the minimum of overt love-making that goes with being an ordinary movie hero—except with another Negro (Dorothy Dandridge) in *Carmen Jones* (1954). This film, from Oscar Hammerstein's jazz revision of Bizet's opera, is in the line of musicals such as *Hearts in Dixie* (1929), *Cabin in the Sky* (1943), and *Stormy Weather* (1943), that have been the most successful examples of the genre of all-or-nearly-all-Negro movies, providing a kind of segregated entertainment since the low-darky and high-nigger short subjects of the first years of the century. Most of these films, until the new imagery following World War II, are appalling patchworks of the worst stereotyped caricatures—the more to be disparaged for the characteristic waste of performers of great talent and international reputation.

Even King Vidor's celebrated *Hallelujah* (1929), purporting to depict Southern Negroes on their own terms in their own locale, in large measure continued what film historian Lewis Jacobs calls "the conventionalities of the white man's conception of the spiritual-singing, crap-shooting Negro." But in showing Negroes as protagonists of drama, and as manifesting ordinary human emotions in dealing with one another, the film may be regarded as a milestone on the road towards dignified representation. A similar judgment may be placed upon the most famous of all-Negro works of stage and screen, *The Green Pastures* (1936), from Marc Connelly's play, for the very affection —however patronizing at base—with which the stylized angels and sinners of "De Lawd's" world are depicted. In fact, precisely who is patronizing whom becomes a clouded question, in the case of a work wherein Negroes are made to represent all mankind, the hosts of heaven, and God Himself.

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THE PEOPLE'S FORUM

Brazilians Jubilant

Dear Sirs:

To say that Brazilians are pleased with the outcome of the United States Presidential election would be an understatement. They are elated.

"A NEW ERA FOR LATIN AMERICA" predicted one of the most respected newspapers in Rio de Janeiro the day after John Fitzgerald Kennedy was elected. "LATIN AMERICA JUBILANT" said another.

Much of this enthusiasm stems from the fact that Kennedy is a Democrat. The memory of Franklin D. Roosevelt and his Good Neighbor Policy has been magnified into something of a myth. For many Brazilians, a Democratic Administration in the United States has become synonymous with prosperity in Brazil. Now that the Republicans are out and the Democrats in, Latin Americans are dazzled with visions of such sugar plums as a South-of-the-border Marshall Plan to put them back on their feet.

But Brazilian enthusiasm for a Democratic Administration in Washington is not based entirely on sentimentality. *Jornal do Brasil*, for instance, says, "Democrats have shown more ability in dealing with Latin America. Nixon, despite several trips to Latin America, is an exponent of a party which considers Latin America only as a strategic area of secondary importance where profitable business deals can be made."

Diario de Noticias, moreover, believes that none of the Republican leaders could ever understand the problems of underdeveloped countries because "they represent only big business which is not interested in approving programs which might limit markets for their products." And then it went on to say that the heterogeneous make-up of the Democratic Party — workers, intellectuals, idealists — gives its leaders a wider outlook and more flexibility.

The *Jornal do Brasil* summed up best the jubilation of Brazilians over Kennedy's victory: "For us, Kennedy is the first [United States] President to come to power who has been concerned about Latin American problems. Because he is a practical politician, it is not too much to expect a marked improvement in Latin-American-United States relations or that the United States will approve of Brazilian ideas for the economic and social development of their country."

It is interesting to note that Kennedy's Catholicism has little to do with the Brazilian's attitude toward him. Only once did an editor go on record to say that because Kennedy was a Catholic he might be more "simpatico." What did impress a number of Brazilian editors was the fact that a Catholic could be elected President of the United States: "It proves that the great majority of the people of the United States have now decided to rise above religious prejudice which, in the past, has damaged United States prestige in the eyes of other nations."

LOUISE BROWN
Rio de Janeiro
Brazil

The Religious Factor

Dear Sirs:

There's not much about being eighteen that I would like to recapture from the vantage point of forty. But the bright dream of a brave new world that might come soon—that I have missed. On November 9 I got my dream back.

If it had not been for the religious factor, President-elect John F. Kennedy surely would have won by a landslide. Even here in a supposedly enlightened community we heard bigotry preached from the pulpit—not in the "holy roller" church at the other end of town, but at the edge of a college campus, in the big, white, stone edifice where some of our "best people" go to talk of brotherly love and tolerance and charity.

So we haven't come very far from the Swopes trial—just barely far enough.

MRS. ROBERT D. KREIGH
Columbia, Mo.

Uphaus' Alternative

Dear Sirs:

Dr. Willard Uphaus, who, on November 27, 1960, reached his seventieth birthday, has just completed a year of imprisonment in New Hampshire for contempt of court because he would not reveal the names of guests who came to visit at the World Fellowship Center. The Center is a simple, camp-style resort in northern New Hampshire, and Dr. Uphaus and his wife have been serving as its directors.

While still a seminary student, I met and learned from Dr. Uphaus. His ardent faith in God transcends denominations and he has set the highest religious standards for men of all faiths, more by his conduct than by his preaching. Therefore, as a long time friend, while visiting in New Hampshire this past summer, I decided to visit Dr. Uphaus.

Through friends I was able to meet and talk with the jurist who presided at the Uphaus trial, Judge George Grant, at the Merrimack County Court House at Concord. The judge was most uncomfortable about the entire case and presented a message to me that I was to take to Dr. Uphaus. If Dr. Uphaus would accept other provisions of the law to free himself, the judge promised that Uphaus would be out of jail that evening.

That same afternoon, July 27, 1960, I drove to the county jail. Judge Grant had apologized to me beforehand and asked that judgment of the prisoner should not be made by the kind of horror house I would see.

Dr. Uphaus walked in to his little visitor's box with a dignity that I shall never forget and which has been driving his captors into a frenzy. The heavy bars and screening between us made it difficult to talk, and of course we could not shake hands. I delivered my message and offer of freedom—and it was rejected.

For Willard Uphaus to sacrifice a principle upon which our government was built, the Bill of Rights, was unthinkable.

I had been bothered by the activities of Dr. Uphaus with Communist peace conferences which everyone knew were not peace conferences at all, but simply Russian propaganda devices. So I asked Dr. Uphaus how we could have peace if only one country agreed to it.

I pointed out to him that he certainly knew that the United States was not the aggressor and asked why he didn't use his efforts to get Russia to agree. I asked him why he went to the Communist conferences when he knew so well they were merely fronts for propaganda.

I shall never forget the sincerity and forthrightness of his answer, "Rabbi, if we stop talking to them, what is the alternative?" And I had no answer because I knew, as so many others know also that the alternative is war and desolation, and so Willard Uphaus will continue to talk—to Communists, to anyone and everyone—to secure peace, if he can.

RABBI OSCAR FLEISHAKER
Beth Israel Center
Madison, Wis.

Disarmament Only Defense

Dear Sirs:

The Washington *Post's* front page story, "The Silent Quakers Circle Pentagon in Peace Bid," by Milton Viorst (November 15, 1960), is encouraging and deserves the highest praise of all who believe in a destiny for man higher than incineration. Unfortunately most of the nation's mass "information media" either ignored the event or labeled the participants as crackpot idealists.

This general attitude of the U. S. press, radio, and television commentators may re-

flect the accuracy of the view of the great mathematician, Albert Einstein, who wrote shortly after Hiroshima: "Our world faces a crisis as yet unperceived by those possessing the power to make great decisions for good or evil. The splitting of the atom has changed everything save our modes of thinking and thus we drift toward unparalleled catastrophe."

William R. Frye, *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent, labelled the proposal for general and total disarmament as "unadulterated diplomatic hokum . . . an utterly nonsensical and indeed fraudulent gimmick . . ." He then attacked Ethiopia's United Nations representative for urging the prohibition of the use of weapons of mass destruction by asserting this "would destroy the deterrent value of NATO, hamstring SAC. . .it would be a major disaster for the West."

A nationally known news commentator on television, shortly after Premier Khrushchev proposed general disarmament to the United Nations General Assembly in September, 1959, asked: "How should the United States respond to the Russian disarmament proposal?" He answered his own question by replying: "We should of course make it appear that we were taking the proposals seriously, in order not to suffer any propaganda loss. But our actual policy should be to disregard them."

The "Silent Quakers" who circled the Pentagon are not only idealists; they are now the world's greatest realists. Even our most distinguished soldiers recognize them as such. President Eisenhower has said: "Thermonuclear war is unthinkable." General Omar Bradley has said, "The central problem of our time . . . is how to employ human intelligence for the salvation of mankind. . . . Wars can be prevented as surely as they are provoked, and those of us who fail to prevent them must share in the guilt for the dead."

There is no defense against war save general and complete disarmament. The so-called national defense plans of all the great powers are plans for international suicide. Must we prove that "the splitting of the atom has changed everything save our modes of thinking"?

HUGH B. HESTER
Brigadier General U. S. A. (Ret.)
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Boycott New Hampshire

Dear Sirs:

Because New Hampshire maintains an anachronistic law under which Dr. Willard Uphaus is imprisoned in violation of the moral sentiments of the American people, we, as individuals, feel that to express our belief in civil liberties we must boycott the state of New Hampshire economically by resolving neither to visit, nor buy the products of, this backward state, until the grave injustice to Dr. Uphaus is rectified.

You can help in this important civil liberties struggle by sending postcards or letters with the words, "I support the Uphaus resolution," your name, and your source of information about the boycott, to: Students for Uphaus at Dartmouth, 21 Lyme Rd., Hanover, New Hampshire.

WILLIAM J. REEVES
Dartmouth College
Hanover, N. H.

Major Issues for Kennedy

Dear Sirs:

At the top of the list of obligations inherited by President-elect John F. Kennedy, and far above any other, is the obligation to preserve our democratic society. *The Progressive* would say that our new President is unreservedly committed to this goal, and I would agree. But is he in favor of those measures which are necessary for the preservation of a free society? The country can continue to be wrong on many things and still survive, but on some things it cannot afford to be wrong. Paramount among these are the unity of the United States with its democratic allies and the solution of the population explosion. Our failure in either field spells the doom of Western civilization, and nothing we can do will repair the damage once the damage is done.

Candidate Kennedy seemed unaware of these facts, but President Kennedy will be required to deal with them. In his bid for election, Senator Kennedy made much of the importance of United States support for Africans, Indonesians and others, but he specifically did not include Europe. The words "England" and "NATO" are conspicuously absent. Separated from our democratic allies, our future will be, in the words of Hobbes, . . . "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short."

The second problem seems also to have been completely overlooked in the campaign: the world's population is increasing at a frightening rate. South America, for example, has many people who have difficulty finding enough to eat, but in a short eighteen years the population there will have doubled. India begged the United States for help with this problem. President Eisenhower declined. But we cannot avoid a choice. Starvation, pestilence, and war will take care of the population explosion unless it is brought under control in some more sensible manner. Candidate Kennedy did not tell us which choice he would make.

It seems to me that the urgent duty of all those who supported the new President is to do what they can to see that these vital issues neglected in the campaign are taken from their hiding place and given top priority.

JUSTIN BLACKWELDER
Washington, D. C.

Protest Vote

Dear Sirs:

Our Republican press in Arizona, and perhaps throughout the nation, has been trying to measure Richard M. Nixon's popularity by the large popular vote he received.

However, the press has refrained from mentioning the obvious fact that part of this was a protest vote from two groups of Democrats: Roman Catholics who were angered at John F. Kennedy's forthright declaration in favor of our Constitutional requirement of separation of church and state, and Protestant Democrats who feared Kennedy's religion would interfere with his sworn duty to uphold the Constitution. The latter group may number mollions of voters who normally would have voted Democratic.

One of the great needs of this country is for a fair and honest nonpartisan press.

JEAN WUNDERLICH
Phoenix, Ariz.

Abolish Death Penalty

Dear Sirs:

Many readers of *The Progressive* are aware that never before has there been such a surge of public opinion directed toward abolishing capital punishment in the United States. In many of the states still retaining the death penalty, bills will be introduced in the next sessions of their legislatures to abolish capital punishment.

Most students who have made a study of this important issue are thoroughly convinced that capital punishment is wrong from every angle. Statistics prove that it is not a deterrent to crime.

History records that many innocent men have been convicted and executed. In such cases it has been impossible to correct these grave miscarriages of justice.

The Progressive has many influential readers in all of our states. I trust they will make known, by voice and vote, that they are opposed to the inhuman, immoral practice of capital punishment. If we do not lift our voice in protest against capital punishment, we stamp such action with our approval.

WILLIAM B. STARR
Cisco, Tex.

Stevenson Needed

Dear Sirs:

In spite of the absence of sharp and easily identifiable issues that divide the candidates and their parties, the American verdict in favor of the Democratic nominee, Senator John F. Kennedy, is apparently a victory for liberalism and progressivism. There is every reason to believe that the controls of America's future are safe in the hands of this young and intelligent President-elect who has promised to effect radical reorganization and revision in his administration.

It is too early to determine the costs of the loss of Adlai Stevenson, the American intellectual and political prophet who has in recent years molded and re-shaped the progressive thinking of the Democratic Party and who is probably the first responsible American to point out the hard times that lie ahead for America and the nature of the up-hill task facing the new Administration. It would be grossly cruel not to make good use of this man who has always

expressed his willingness to serve his country in any circumstance, in spite of the repeated rebuffs to his political ambitions.

It may be recalled that President Eisenhower, in one of his speeches not long ago, indicated the necessity and possibility of having a prime minister or chief secretary who might relieve the President of some of the ever-increasing responsibilities of this high office, and who could also effectively coordinate domestic and foreign policy affairs at the cabinet level. There is probably no other American more fit to occupy such a post than Stevenson.

J. W. Thomas
Madras, India

'Shameful Apologia'

Dear Sirs:

I expected something a great deal more original and creative than your shameful apologia for John F. Kennedy. He is as inspiring as a glass of carbonated soda left standing for several hours. His witless, uncommitted, and painfully insincere approach is matched only by Richard M. Nixon's.

Gilbert H. Liberman
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Negative Vote

Dear Sirs:

The state of mind of the voters in the recent election is illustrated by the story of the man describing how his employes would vote: "Thirty per cent don't like Nixon, and thirty per cent don't like Kennedy, and the rest are undecided." This year the vote was not *for;* it was *against,* which demonstrates that neither party nominated its best man.

Robert B. Stewart
Arvada, Colo.

Open Housing

Dear Sirs:

I should like to express my appreciation for the article, "The White Noose of the Suburbs," by Margaret Bacon, in the October issue of *The Progressive.* I am particularly pleased that your magazine has the courage to print such excellent factual articles on controversial subjects.

Unfortunately, one of the weaknesses among American liberals is a tendency not to live up to their high ideals when it comes to selling their *own* homes or welcoming a Negro or minority family to their *own* neighborhoods. However, more than fifty families have sold their properties in the Philadelphia suburbs through FSH. Forty were sold to Negro or other minority families and the balance to white families. It is gratifying to have so many families who believe in translating their beliefs into action.

FSH apparently is the only licensed real estate firm in the resale field dedicated to overcoming discrimination in housing and which will accept home listings only on an open occupancy basis. If any of your readers know of any other such firm in the United States, I would be interested in hearing about it.

Wilbur L. Lew
Executive Vice President
Friends Suburban Housing
53 Cricket Avenue
Ardmore, Pa.

Apartheid vs. Discrimination

Dear Sirs:

A letter from Major Thorn of Montreal in the September issue advocates restraint from criticism of South African race policies until such time as American Negroes have been assured complete equality with whites.

Though race discrimination in whatever form is to be fought and deplored, it is a basic misconception to refer to the South African apartheid system as one of *discrimination.* Apartheid means political and economic oppression enforced by the law of the land; it means a majority oppressed by a minority by the use of force—the majority having no means of asserting their legitimate demands by any legal means whatsoever except economic boycott, which may in turn become illegal. Striking is punishable by three years' imprisonment or a fine of 500 pounds; the advocacy of passive resistance is punishable by three years' imprisonment, ten lashes, and a fine; no African has any kind of vote, or representation in Parliament or in government. These facts are well enough known.

It is the African organizations themselves, supported by the South African Indian Congress and the Liberal Party, that have called upon the world to apply sanctions on South Africa, at every possible level. The United States is in a position to do more perhaps than any other power to exert pressure on South Africa, through the United Nations and other international organizations, and it is our hope that your readers will join with the supporters of the Anti-Apartheid Movement in Britain in raising the matter of sanctions on South Africa through trade unions, political parties, and other institutions whenever the opportunity arises.

If we are to retain the friendship of the peoples of Africa, we dare not delay. And if South Africa is to be given a chance to emerge peacefully from its present misery, it is mandatory for all friends of her people to act at once.

Rosalynde Ainslie
Organizing Secretary
The Anti-Apartheid Movement
200 Gower Street
London, N. W. 1, England

No Communism in Russia

Dear Sirs:

For forty-three years the Russian leaders have been shouting to the world that they have achieved the Communist society, and this claim has been swallowed by the rest of the world. But is it really true?

Communism means the abolition of the wage and money system. It means the democratic control of the means of production with free access to all of the goods and services produced by society. The Russian

Drawing by CEM; © 1960 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

"I'm afraid of it, Barker. It's a little strong, and it could be misinterpreted."

workers, like workers everywhere, sell their labor in return for wages in order to live.

Your magazine would appear to be a champion of truth, fair play, and justice, yet you are at one with the rest of the capitalist press in constantly referring to Russia as Communist without ever attempting to show your readers what Communism really is. What have you to gain by perpetuating the Soviet myth?

IAN SINCLAIR
Edinburgh, Scotland

A Man to Watch

Dear Sirs:

It is for articles such as "Civil Defense: Billion Dollar Boondoggle," in the December issue, that we keep taking *The Progressive* year after year with affection.

Senator Stephen M. Young will now be a man we will watch, for this writing shows him to be clear thinking and courageous—marks of an educated, moral man.

CARLTON AND ERNESTINE BREHMER
Sheboygan, Wis.

Accurate Material

Dear Sirs:

Melvin Martin's "Did the Press Kill Caryl Chessman?" in the December *Progressive* points up the need for accurate news reporting and reliable reference material. Both may be found in "What Do the Churches Say on Capital Punishment?", a collection of many official denominational statements, available for thirty cents postpaid from the Connecticut Friends Committee on Social Order, 144 South Quaker Lane, West Hartford 7, Conn.

EDWARD A. MANICE
New Haven, Conn.

Junior Admirer

Dear Sirs:

I am a junior in high school. I am interested in politics, and I find that your publication is stimulating to thinking, much more so than any magazine one finds on the newsstands of a small, conservative Southern town. It is pleasing to read something beyond the cliches liberally sprinkled throughout most publications.

If I were to have to stop reading all magazines except one, that one would be *The Progressive*.

JIM CLARK
Carthage, Tex.

Wonderful Help

Dear Sirs:

May I tell you what a wonderful help and inspiration your publication is to me—and to my friends who read it. I am chairman of our local Americans for Democratic Action chapter. There have been countless occasions when articles from your magazine have served as reference and resource material, as well as the basis of discussion.

MRS. ALICE LEV
Youngstown, Ohio

BOOKS

The Examined Life

THE WASTE MAKERS, by Vance Packard. David McKay Co. 340 pp. $4.50.

THE SELF-CONSCIOUS SOCIETY, by Eric Larrabee. Doubleday. 188 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by

Seymour Martin Lipset

THREE AND FOUR decades ago the popular social and economic analyses concerned the problems of an "age of plenty" (Josiah Stampp), an "economy of abundance" (Stuart Chase), and "the tragedy of waste" (R. H. Tawney and Stuart Chase). Among the topics discussed were whether it was possible to determine at which point a society passed from the age of scarcity to that of "plenty," and what the social and economic consequences of such a change were. In discussing the nature of American society before 1929, many, including some of the then leading American Communists, seriously debated whether or not abundance had created a qualitatively new social system, different in key aspects from all preceding ones. And given the assumption that scarcity had been abolished, one of the major problems for discussion was how such an economy would maintain itself; to what extent were built-in waste, planned obsolescence, and extensive advertising campaigns designed to create new desires, necessary to maintain the equilibrium of the market?

Intellectual fashions, like changes in dress design, follow a recurrent pattern; not surprisingly, a period of prolonged prosperity and full employment brings discussions similar to those of the 1920's. David Potter has described Americans as a "people of plenty," while John Galbraith has portrayed the economic and social problems of an "affluent society." Vance Packard has reached a mass audience with three books which analyze the wastes inherent in the efforts to succeed in the economic and status system of a prosperous society. The best known analyses of America published since 1950 take the problem of scarcity and of poverty as settled, essentially. What remains problematic for the economy of abundance is its culture, how it spends its abundance. Where the critics of the Thirties were concerned with ending poverty and unemployment and with opportunities for social mobility, the critics of the Fifties and Sixties are interested in shifting the resources of America from tail fins and cosmetics to good schools, symphony orchestras, handsome architecture, and the like. The latter see America as a rich, wasteful land which has let wealth corrupt it.

Many contemporary writers argue that Americans have been so corrupted by wealth, status-seeking, and the demands of a competitive economy that they have become incapable of resisting the dominant trends creating a conformist mass society. This conclusion seems to be contradicted by the very popularity of the critics and their works. Americans seem to love to hear how corrupt, wasteful, status-seeking, and conformist they are. Eric Larrabee suggests that as a nation we are masochistic, that we love to be criticized, and he quotes George Bernard

Shaw that "all that is necessary" to gain the approval of Americans "is to hold them up to the ridicule of the rest of the universe."

The reception of *The Waste Makers* seems to prove that Shaw and Larrabee are right, since it is already enjoying a success in reviews and sales. It seeks to demonstrate that "waste" is endemic in the American economy. Packard argues, first, that most of the hard goods we buy are deliberately built to break down in a short time, and, second, that "the hidden persuaders" of the advertising agencies are able to make us buy what we do not need, to accept the dictates of style-setters whose only objective is to reduce the utility of goods by changing fashions as rapidly as possible.

As a solution for such institutionalized forms of waste Packard recommends certain individual solutions—that we change our basic personal values, regain "pride in prudence," and acknowledge "that there is only a modest connection between possessions and life's satisfaction, except as possessions are able to corrupt." Poverty, hard physical labor, and scarcity are sources of virtuous living. Our forefathers who lived in an age of scarcity, and our contemporaries who live outside of the competitive affluent society, such as those who live on "the bleak Aran Islands of Ireland" or the "natives" of the small towns and farms of Vermont, are much happier than the upper-middle class of metropolitan America who buy Packard's books. In short, Packard tells us that things were better before a complex, competitive civilization forced us into conformist, status-seeking, wasteful activities. (There is much evidence that Packard is factually wrong, that the activities which he dislikes characterized much of Nineteenth Century America as well, but this is another issue which I do not have space to develop here.)

Given the severity of Packard's criticisms of the values and practices of contemporary American society, some readers of his books may find it curious that he does not suggest any radical political or economic solutions, that he is satisfied with urging a return to the presumed verities of an idealized Nineteenth-Century rural, small-town, and frontier America. But, as Eric Larrabee explains in *The Self-Conscious Society*, an analysis of how and why Americans as a people are so self-conscious and self-critical, it is "possible for people to profess the principles of Scarcity, while observing those of Abundance." The principles of scarcity, of the virtues of small-town America, are, of course, those of conservative Republicanism. (Herbert Hoover wrote an essay on the sins of "waste" in 1921.) Larrabee, unlike Packard, prefers abundance to scarcity. He believes that it has considerably improved both individual existence and culture, that it has enlarged "the range of human possibility" as against the old days which were in some large part "crabbed, and mean, and bitter, and hopeless," that "until our dirty and disreputable industrial civilization came along even the modest range of cultural experience that the arts represent was foreclosed to all but a tiny minority. Individualism as we know it, as a possibility for the many, did not exist until modern times." Larrabee seeks to document some of the improvements.

The level of analysis in Larrabee's work is much higher than that of Packard's *The Waste Makers*, yet I predict that the latter book, which seems to attack American capitalism, will be much more successful in terms of sales than *The Self-Conscious Society*, which seemingly praises the accomplishments of the society. The reasons for this opinion are not the writing, for Larrabee is the better writer. Rather I suspect Packard succeeds because he permits his readers to have their cake and eat it too, to indulge in all the activities which he morally condemns, secure in the belief that the good society lies in the American past, in the times of Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln, not in the present. Packard is the sociologist for Sunday reading; like a good sermon, he can make you feel better, more moral, personally above the crass world which you can enjoy, but for which you are not responsible.

Larrabee, on the other hand, tells us that we have advanced a far distance, that we have built a better life than people have ever enjoyed, that our abundance for the first time makes economic security, individualism, cultural creativity, and intellectual insight possible for the many, not just for the few. But the problem for Larrabee is how to keep the revolution going, how to extend it both within and outside our borders, how to increase genuine creative culture, and so forth. Packard with his criticisms makes us feel smug and satisfied; Larrabee with his praise calls us to act, to find a way to "transcend" the smugness and self-satisfaction of the present. For Larrabee, the solution to the problems created by abundance are not a return to the principles of scarcity, to the virtues prescribed by Herbert Hoover; rather, abundance "calls into question the most fundamental principles; our own purpose, that of our people." It is a time for radical thinking about what Twenty-first Century America should look like, not for nostalgia about how good it is to be able to live in a Vermont farmhouse without central heating, running water, or electric lighting.

At Stake in Cuba

LISTEN, YANKEE, by C. Wright Mills. McGraw-Hill. 192 pp. $3.95 (cloth). Paper (Ballantine Books), 50 cents.

Reviewed by

Robert J. Alexander

THIS IS a highly interesting contribution to the growing shelf of books about the Cuban Revolution. Using a novel technique, which may give rise to some misunderstanding among readers and critics, C. Wright Mills has sought to present what he conceives to be the voice of the Cuban revolutionaries.

The book consists of three parts. First is an introduction in which the author speaks directly to his audience. Then follow eight "letters," written as if coming from a participant in the Cuban revolutionary regime. Finally, there is a kind of postscript, in which Mills sums up his own impressions of the Cuban Revolution.

Although Mills admits that he is not an "expert" on Latin American or even Cuban affairs, his book is

based on personal observation. During a survey of Cuba in July and August, 1960, he traveled from one end of the island to the other and spoke with people from all levels of society. These talks included three days spent in almost continuous discussion with Fidel Castro.

Criticism is made somewhat difficult by the peculiar form of this book. There is no doubt that the eight "letters" present a pretty accurate statement of the point of view of unquestioning supporters of the Castro regime. Perhaps Mills himself does not believe all that he has his fictional correspondent write; it is difficult to tell when he is expressing his own opinion, and when he is merely reflecting the feelings and ideas which he heard in Cuba.

Mills presents the accomplishments of the Castro regime in terms of education, economic development, and reorganization of the agrarian economy. He offers the Castro government's justification of its growing tendencies towards totalitarianism and its exceedingly violent anti-Yankeeism. As presented here, the full blame for the bad turn in Cuban-American relations rests with the United States government and the nefarious "monopolies."

The arguments over the attitude of Castro towards this country are debatable. However, I do not think that the thesis of the book with regard to the Castro regime's political evolution is defensible by anyone who believes in political democracy *and* social revolution. In a word, this thesis is that social revolution cannot be achieved in Cuba, or anywhere in Latin America, without totalitarianism. Such an argument does little credit to the Cuban people for their century-long struggle for freedom and democracy. Perhaps its acceptance comes from lack of historical perspective on the part of the author—and the Fidelistas. It is a fact that though Cuba has enjoyed democracy only infrequently, its people, or large segments of them, have not ceased to struggle for it since the first revolt against the Spaniards in 1868.

Mills implies that the Cubans really don't know what freedom is, or what democracy is, and they don't value them. This is not the case. Nor is it necessary, as Mills thinks, to establish a one-man dictatorship and impose totalitarianism, destroying all freedom of press, speech, and organization; nor to regiment labor, abolishing all collective bargaining and making it impossible for a worker to get a job except through the government employment service, in order to get an agrarian reform, economic development, and a greater degree of effective national independence.

There is little doubt that the Castro revolution presents a challenge to all America — the United States as well as the Latin American nations. But the challenge is not that one must go the way of Castro's Cuba or give up all thought of social revolution and economic development. The real question raised by the Castro experience is whether democratic elements in both parts of the hemisphere will be able to rally behind social revolution *with* democracy before a large part of the hemisphere follows the Cuban example and opts for social revolution *without* democracy.

Agee's Special View

LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN, by James Agee and Walker Evans. Houghton Mifflin. 471 pp. $6.50.

Reviewed by

Priscilla Robertson

IN THE summer of 1937, Louise Boyle, a photographer, and I spent some weeks living in the home of an Arkansas cotton sharecropper. Although our hosts were so poor that they lacked running water, screens, adequate dishes, and had been ordered to grow cotton right up to their door, leaving them no space for a garden or a cow, they were full of hope and busy working for a better life. Many things favored them in those New Deal days. Since the W.P.A. had given the husband the first steady cash he had ever earned ($21 a week), he was free to buy at chain stores instead of the landlord's "robbersary." Our friends called on local politicians who wanted votes and on labor schools; the Southern Tenant Farmers Union gave them a way of raising wages and a sense of excitement and sociability. When the local sheriff threatened a union meeting, my hostess telephoned the governor and got him to send some state troopers to protect it.

These experiences were recalled by reading the new edition of *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* by James Agee and Walker Evans, who visited a cotton tenant family in Alabama in 1936 and made a literary and photographic record of the encounter. What interests me particularly about Agee's powerful description is the totally opposite feeling he got from ours. This could not have been just the difference between Alabama and Arkansas. Agee's physical details are acutely familiar. I can remember the smells he describes; taste in memory the same food; relive the daily wakening from bed; recount the same cycle of cotton chopping and picking and the moneyless lay-off between seasons.

Perhaps the difference in spirit can be pinpointed by comparing two young married women, Agee's "Emma" and a daughter of my hostess who had the beautiful appellation of "Snowbank." Emma's jealous husband had sent for her to come out to Mississippi, and she cried for days but was shipped off anyway like a sacrificial victim. When Snowbank had trouble with her husband, her whole family moved to Texas, leaving him behind—and when they went back, it was on the basis of mutual though spirited bargaining.

The truth is, James Agee couldn't imagine anyone's being either happy or self-propelled. He was a tragic poet who had to see and magnify and beautify into art the suffering in any life; indeed, he says that having money, or a Harvard education, can lead to its own form of crucifixion (one of his favorite words). Assuming a proprietary right in other people's passivity leads to a kind of arrogance, however. As his hosts lay asleep and he sat in the next room writing by a coal oil lamp, he says he "lay down inside each one of them" and could tell the dreams which they would not remember. Since his subjects were too unself-conscious to know the meaning of their own lives, Agee made himself their organ of perception, so to speak, even though he felt such intrusive perception a "sin." He loved these people, but did not believe that his love would do much but hurt them, and he had no sense of reciprocity. It followed that he trusted no one else—reformers, New Dealers, school

teachers, or politicians—to give help.

Thus, in spite of close observation and moving descriptive prose, Agee's essay is not much more to be trusted as a source book for life in the Thirties than *King Lear* for early Britain. The system which seemed to Agee eternal-until-the-Revolution-came ("like a rescuing army," for he was a Communist "by conviction and sympathy" though not a party member) did actually break down. This happened partly because some Americans were unwilling to have the system continued after they saw how bad it was; partly, because of machinery and industrial change; and largely because the Americans whose lives were at stake stood up to help themselves.

Postwar Japan

JAPAN'S AMERICAN INTERLUDE, by Kazuo Kawai. University of Chicago Press. 257 pp. $5.

KISHI AND JAPAN: THE SEARCH FOR THE SUN, by Dan Kurzman. Obolensky. 394 pp. $5.95.

Reviewed by

Martin Bronfenbrenner

THE DEFINITIVE history of Japan's relations with America since World War II, during and after the Occupation, has yet to be written. When and if it is written, the writer will probably be a Japanese, since the relationship meant much more to Japan than to America. The history will be compounded in part of evidence winnowed from memoirs and biographies such as these two volumes. Yet neither book should be confused with the definitive history still to come.

There is some chance for confusion in connection with the misleading title of Kazuo Kawai's study. Kawai is a political scientist, American-born and American-trained but of Japanese descent. The war caught him in Japan. He engaged in English-language journalism in Tokyo until 1949 and now teaches at Ohio State. He is unusually, sometimes uniquely, equipped to deal with a few aspects of Occupation policy; control of the financial oligarchy *(Zaibatsu)*, revision of the educational system, and particularly control of the press. Here Kawai's book makes closest contact with events he saw and in which he participated. His book comes off well (and the Occupation comes off badly). Where he generalizes beyond his immediate experience—in eight of the twelve chapters—the result falls between the two stools of journalism and scholarship. It is not well enough written for good journalism, not balanced enough for good scholarship. Whatever this volume may be, it is not the standard history of the Occupation that its title leads the unsuspecting to expect. It adds rather little to such a volume as Harry Emerson Wildes' *Typhoon in Tokyo*, which covers much the same ground somewhat more episodically.

Kawai first deals with the Japanese attitude toward the early Occupation. It illustrates the love of so many contemporary sociologists and anthropologists for making simple matters difficult. Why did an era of good feeling spring up between Americans and Japanese from September through December, 1945, instead of the expected resistance and guerrilla warfare? For this a simple-minded explanation is: each side had been terrified of the other by its own war propaganda. Each side started the Occupation on its best behavior to avoid irritating the man-eating dragons on the other. A few hours or days of good behavior convinced each side of the sheer racist nonsense of its own propaganda. The resulting reaction went temporarily to the other extreme. (In some places, including the naval port of Sasebo where the reviewer landed in mid-September, the whole process of terror, flight, return, and fraternization took for the Japanese less than twelve hours.) However, Kawai proceeds to seek ever profounder explanations in Japanese history, philosophy, psychology, theology, child training, and so on. The result is some fifteen unimpressive pages of "scholarship."

Kurzman's biography of Prime Minister Kishi has the makings of a better than average pot-boiler by a better than average correspondent. It needed another year of work, but Kishi may not remain newsworthy for another year. The result reduces to Kishi-as-seen-by-Kishi, a campaign biography dedicated to the proposition that Kishi's lifetime of twistings and turnings represent not opportunism but pragmatism. There are only the sketchiest pictures of Kishi's associates and enemies (with the exceptions of General Tojo, Prime Minister Yoshida, and Foreign Minister Fujiyama) and only a superficial glimpse of the post-Occupation world of Kishi's rise to power. The anti-Kishi view (accepted by perhaps ninety per cent of the Japanese public as of 1960) is never examined, let alone refuted. One period of Kishi's life is treated surprisingly well: his years as war criminal and purgee (1945-1952), first in Sugamo prison and later as business man.

As for Kishi's Japan, Kurzman introduces us to a pro-American land grateful to Eisenhower for modifying the Security Treaty at Kishi's behest, but prevented by a wild-eyed mob of student Communists from showing its appreciation in a hospitable welcome. The fact seems to be that Japanese voters are even more repelled by the irresponsibility of Socialist leaders than by the Liberal-Democratic stands on the major issues of the day. On most specific issues, therefore, the street mobs come closer to the voice

RECENT BOOKS
by Progressive Contributors

The World of Carnegie Hall, by Richard Schickel. An illustrated social history of the concert hall and its world of music. (Messner. $6.95)

My Wilderness: The Pacific West, by William O. Douglas. Reviewed by Hal Borland in the December issue. (Doubleday. $4.95)

Reveille for Rebels, by James P. Warburg. A book for Americans of pre-voting age on "the most important questions of survival." (Doubleday. Paperback. 95 cents)

Working Men, by Sidney Lens. A story for younger readers (ages 10-14) of the development of the labor movement. (Putnam. $2.75)

Stride Toward Freedom, by Martin Luther King, Jr. An account of "the Montgomery story." (Ballantine. Paperback. 50 cents)

Revolt in the South, by Dan Wakefield. An eye-witness report. (Evergreen. Paperback. 95 cents)

Island in the City, by Dan Wakefield. A first-hand report on Puerto Ricans in New York. (Corinth. Paperback. $1.95)

of the people than the democratically-chosen Parliament and Cabinet. On the specific issue of the Security Pact, Japan is not only neutralist but "neutralist against us" in everything except the print and signatures on assorted scraps of paper, and is likely to remain so until the Russians and Chinese commit more blunders comparable in frequency and magnitude to those of Congress and the Pentagon. Kishi himself, whether pragmatist or opportunist, diplomat or "fixer," has never shown sufficient power or acumen to change that bit of status quo. Whether he rises or falls makes little difference, and probably never did.

Conquest of Beauty

by Alfred Werner

ONE MAY very well disagree with some of the political activities of Andre Malraux, De Gaulle's minister of cultural affairs, but it is hard to deny that he is a man of enormous erudition and a keen sensitivity for the arts. In *The Metamorphosis of the Gods* (Doubleday. $20), which is a sequel to *The Voices of Silence*, Malraux states his aim: "To discover the significance of the fact that throughout the ages man has always sought an answer to the problem set him by the spark of eternity latent in his being—a problem which has assumed a new complexity in our modern culture, first of all cultures to realize and recognize its ignorance of man's significance." In this superbly illustrated volume, Malraux surveys art from Sumerian archaeology to the Fifteenth Century painter, Botticelli.

Equally learned, but less flamboyant in his language, is the British Kenneth Clark, whose *Looking at Pictures* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $10) endeavors to examine the significance of paintings by sixteen masters, from Roger van der Weyden to Seurat. A similar service is rendered by Clark's compatriot, Eric Newton, who, in *The Arts of Man* (New York Graphic Society. $5.95), devotes brief essays to 174 examples, from a cave painting at Altamira to works by such contemporaries as Henry Moore, Marino Marini, Abraham Rattner, and Pierre Soulages.

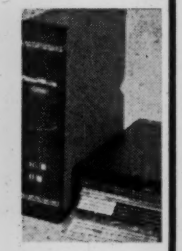
A much larger number of works of art (but exclusively painting) are interpreted in *The National Gallery, London* (Harry N. Abrams. $7.50). The text was provided by the museum's director, Philip Hendy. A more impressive volume is *Treasures of the Louvre* (Abrams. $17.50), with text by Rene Huyghe, which reproduces most of the classic works of art dear to Western man. This vast collection has provided inspiration for numerous schools of artists. Curator-in-chief Huyghe sums it up aptly: "The Louvre stands at the center from which paths radiate toward as yet unknown territories, to be explored by future generations."

Egyptian art can be fascinating rather than oppressive when presented lucidly by such an expert as Boris de Rachewiltz (*Egyptian Art*, Viking. $6.95), who discusses not only architecture and the arts related to it, but also pottery, faience, glass, wood-carvings, works of the goldsmith, and other samples of what are incorrectly labeled "minor arts." *Greek Art* by Raymond V. Schoder (New York Graphic Society. $12.50) is also an all-inclusive study (and a lovely specimen of book production), whereas *Greek Sculpture* by R. Lullies and M. Hirmer (Abrams. $15) surveys, as the title indicates, three-dimensional works only (from a strictly stylized archaic bronze horse to the celebrated Laocoon group found in Rome in 1506). As is commonly known, Italy's Renaissance geniuses were greatly indebted to ancient Greece, and this influence can be seen clearly in *The Mural Painters of Tuscany*, by Eve Borsook (Phaidon. $12.50), which traces the development of the fresco from Cimabue to Andrea del Sarto. Apart from being superb craftsmen, these muralists were good story-tellers who rejoiced in "the sheer beauty of nature and man-made things."

In *Rococo to Cubism in Art and Literature* (Random House. $7), Wylie Sypher undertakes an important task which, unfortunately, scholars rarely feel able to perform: he uses both poetry and painting to trace the evolution of styles and techniques through the course of centuries; he knows that all arts are closely related to each other and expressive of the same human intentions and desires. Similarly, our understanding of the arts is vastly enhanced by familiarity with the time and milieu from which a certain sculpture or building emerged. Thus, the small, profusely illustrated volumes, *Paris Fin de Siecle*, by Jean Roman, and *Paris in the Twenties*, by Armand Lanoux (Arts Inc. $6.50 each) are useful, for they recapture successfully the habits, foibles, and moods which prevailed in the French capital while the masters, from Manet to Leger, kept busy in their studios.

A substantial part of the monumental two-volume work, *Painting in the 20th Century*, by Werner Haftmann (Praeger. $42.50) inevitably is devoted to the pioneers in France who deliberately violated every one of the tenets of Renaissance tradition. He maintains that "modern painting is the most striking expression of the universal process by which one cultural epoch with a long history yields its place to another."

In *School of Paris*, by Raymond Nacenta (New York Graphic Society. $25), we can also learn a great deal about "the decline of an old conception of reality and the emergence of a new one," to quote Haftmann. *School of Paris* is an elaborate and elegant "museum without walls" picturing the artistic climate of Paris



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since 1910. A brief historical introduction covers the scene from the visits of King Edward VI to the day of General De Gaulle, and an appendix contains photographs and biographical sketches of 477 artists.

A good additional source of information and pleasure is *Modern Art: Yesterday and Tomorrow* (Reynal. $10), providing essays and pictures that originally appeared in the vanguard monthly, *Oeil* (The Eye). While several Americans (De Kooning, Lippold, Macdonald-Wright, and Tobey) are honored by inclusion, the artists are either Frenchmen or immigrants who became fully identified with the "Ecole de Paris."

While Matisse is repeatedly mentioned in *School of Paris,* and is represented there with a delicate oil of two women in a room, readers should turn, for further information about him, to the substantial *Matisse* by Raymond Escholier (Praeger. $12.50). The writer was a personal friend of the painter and had access to a wealth of unpublished material; the book can be considered an authoritative work on Matisse's life and work.

Waldemar George knew Maurice Utrillo intimately. His *Utrillo* (New York Graphic Society. $10), is a brief but perceptive biography. "In Utrillo's life," George emphasizes, "art has the function of a purification: it is an Aristotelian catharsis." Each of the large color plates is faced by a black-and-white detail of the painting, with a brief but penetrating analysis of the illustrated work.

A useful addition to the bookshelves of museum and school libraries is *A History of American Art,* by Daniel M. Mendelowitz (Holt, Rinehart, and Winston. $12.50). Art began on this continent thousands of years ago when beautifully shaped stone implements and ceremonial objects were fashioned by hunters and fishermen. There was little concern for aesthetic beauty among the earliest white settlers in building their churches and homes and in making their furniture and household utensils. In the late Seventeenth Century, however, the settlers began to beautify their private worlds. The volume deals not only with architecture, painting, and sculpture, but also with interior design, the household arts, and the various crafts, and is illustrated with a large number of small but satisfactory black and white photos. Of twenty artists mentioned, all but one are more than fifty years old. While the complete omission of the Abstract-Expressionist school must be noted with dismay, the book can be recommended as a good elementary introduction to a large subject.

"Both by his work, writing, and lectures, and through a small group of young disciples, including Frank Lloyd Wright, Sullivan gave form to the major architectural trends of the Twentieth Century," writes Mendelowitz. Recently Horizon Press issued both a biography of the teacher—*Louis Sullivan as He Lived,* by Willard Connely ($6.50)—and a survey of the pupil's work, *Frank Lloyd Wright: Writings and Buildings,* selected by Edgar Kaufmann and Ben Raeburn ($3.95). Sullivan is comparatively unknown to us: "One sees his buildings . . . without envisaging the master himself." Hence, we are grateful to Connely for bringing to life the man whose bold imagination made the skyscraper a work of art. In the other volume, about thirty of Wright's shorter essays, many of them autobiographical, are reprinted. A useful appendix lists all the Frank Lloyd Wright structures still standing in 1960. Wright is one of the heroes of Peter Blake in *The Master Builders* (Knopf. $6.50); two other heroes are the Frenchman Le Corbusier and the German Mies van der Rohe. They represent, respectively, the mastery of space, the mastery of form, and the mastery of structure. Personal details of their careers are well blended with the stories of their creativeness.

Lovers of modern architecture must not omit tribute to the great structures created centuries before these three men were born. *English Cathedrals* (Hastings House. $3.95), with text by C.L.S. Linnell and photographs by A. F. Kersting, and *Romanesque Europe* (Macmillan. $9), with text by R. H. C. Davis and photographs by Helmut Domke, are stunning picture books. The first book deals with noble British churches of different periods, from Chichester in the south to Durham in the north, while the second illustrates the Romanesque legacy as it survives in Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and

THE REVIEWERS

SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET, professor of sociology at the University of California, is on leave this year as the visiting Ford research professor of political science at Yale. He wrote "Political Man." ROBERT J. ALEXANDER, professor of economics at Rutgers, has specialized in Latin American affairs. PRISCILLA ROBERTSON is a former editor of The Humanist. MARTIN BRONFENBRENNER, professor of economics at the University of Minnesota, was a Japanese language officer in the Navy during World War II. He later served in Japan as censor and tax economist and taught and studied in three Japanese universities. ALFRED WERNER is the well-known art critic.

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other countries. Unlike these two books, *Paris*, by John Russell (Viking Press. $5) has a long, yet highly readable, text. The forty-three pictures of churches, palaces, and old streets are by the celebrated photographer Brassai.

The king of modern draftsmen was Henri Daumier. In *Daumier: Drawings* (Yoseloff. $10), K. E. Maison gathers 150 sketches in charcoal, pen, ink, and other media by the French Nineteenth Century satirist whose sureness of touch was admirable, and whose work is now in such demand that "there seem to be more outright forgeries of Daumier's than of any other artist's drawings."

A worthy successor to Daumier was the German artist, George Grosz, who died last year. In *George Grosz* (Arts, Inc. $12.50), Herbert Bittner has collected more than a hundred samples of Grosz' often devastatingly corrosive art. The introductory essays are by Ruth Berenson and Norbert Muhlen, and there is a communication in which Grosz himself begs the reader to note that in his middle years he had abandoned his earlier mood and style: "In all humility I offer you the evidence that I have outgrown the satirical phase of my artistic development." But most of us will prefer his biting criticisms of German reactionaries and his challenging anti-war pictures to the charming but unoriginal studies of nudes he did after his flight to America.

Another first-rate draftsman is the American, George Biddle. In *Indian Impressions* (Orion Press. $10) he talks about his meetings with outstanding men such as Nehru and Krishna Menon. Of more lasting value, however, are the more than fifty illustrations, based on quick, yet subtle sketches made on his journeys.

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AN INTERNATIONAL GOODWILL MISSION to Europe led by Prof. Jerome Davis will sail from New York on June 11, 1961, returning July 31. The cost is about $1595 New York to New York. The group will visit England, East and West Germany including Berlin, Poland, Russia, Romania, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and France. We expect to see the top governmental leaders in each country and also to confer with religious groups. We hope to have a conference with the President of the United States before we leave. Since the size of the group is strictly limited, if any reader would like to join he should write immediately to: Jerome Davis, 489 Ocean Ave., West Haven, Conn.

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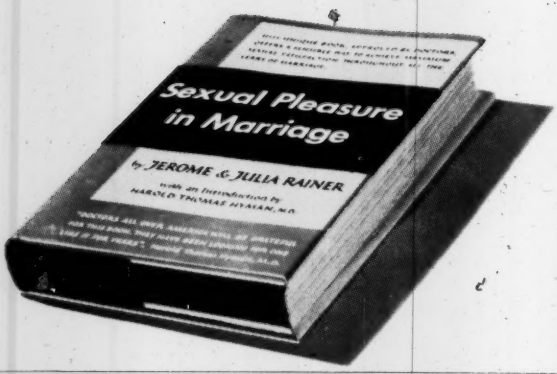

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